

NEPTUNE AND MARS:

OR THE

FLEET and ARMY

DISPLAY'D

IN THEIR TRUE COLOURS.

Containing their

CHARACTERS

FROM THE

GENERAL TO THE PROVOST:

AND FROM THE

CAPTAIN TO THE COMMON SAILOR.

IN TWO PARTS.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXIX.

46
12 17
1118.



T H E
WOODEN WORLD
D I S S E C T E D :
I N T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F A
SHIP OF WAR:

As also, The
CHARACTERS of all the **OFFICERS,**

From the
CAPTAIN to the **Common Sailor;**

V I Z.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| I. A Sea-Captain. | VIII. The Carpenter. |
| II. A Sea-Lieutenant. | IX. The Boatswain. |
| III. A Sea-Chaplain. | X. A Sea-Cook. |
| IV. The Master of a Ship
of War. | XI. A Midshipman. |
| V. The Purser. | XII. The Captain's Stew-
ard. |
| VI. The Surgeon. | XIII. A Sailor. |
| VII. The Gunner. | |

By the **AUTHOR** of the **LONDON-SPY.**

THE SIXTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year **M DCC LXXIX.**

To all whom it may concern,

GREETING.

Worshipful and no Worshipful

GENTLEMEN,

YOU all know, that scarce can a Royal Ship be sooner built and launched from the stocks, but streight we have ten thousand pictures of her drawn and dispersed round the Island by some or other topping dawber of sign-posts.

But never yet, I think, has one bold hand attempted to delineate those more noble internal parts, that give this stupendous wooden animal all its various motions; a task much more elevated, difficult, and profitable, than the other.—

Now I, Gentlemen, being bound by I don't know how many ties, have offer'd at this most glorious enterprize, not out of any bye-ends of gaining your worships good word (when an occasion offers), but purely to advance and blow about your fame, and your most remarkable excellencies.

DEDICATION.

I never durst flatter myself with the besotted hopes of drawing you correctly; all I did, or could propose, was, by this rough draught of my untutor'd pencil, to excite some renowned worthy to do you justice, and draw you all perfect as you are; which will certainly give infinite satisfaction to your zealous servant, that wishes you, gentlemen, with all his soul, as perfectly known to our illustrious hero, and the whole nation, as you are to him, who is,

GENTLEMEN,

Your real Friend,

and faithful Servant,

Manly Plain-dealer.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

FINDING, some few days past, the warmth and serenity of the air begin to change a-pace, and wet, thick, cloudy weather pop in at once upon us, I began to cast about, which way I had best provide against so threatening dull a season.

After a few pensive wavering thoughts, at length I fixed on that of painting, which is by all allowed to be no less ingenious than diverting; but for it many a gentleman would have abundance of idle hours, and dirty days, lie heavy on his hands, which, by this harmless amusement, are neither felt nor thought on.

As for the following piece, it was the first that offered to my fancy, and appeared to me altogether new, tho' the materials are very common and ordinary; yet not so ordinary, but that they can fully answer the end proposed, which is, to draw the picture of the most glorious piece of the creation, called, *A Tar*, which no colours can perform so well to the life, as black and white; for those, justly disposed, produce figures much more agreeable and diverting, than all the other colours of the rain-bow.

It is easy to perceive, that there is no one particular here design'd; and generals do always admit of exceptions. We have some captains in the navy, as much the glory of our isle, as are the ships they command; I need not trumpet forth their names, for they give such daily proofs of their courage, affability, generosity justice, and probity, as make them sufficiently known to all good men, and raiseth them above the censure of the malicious.

But

To the READER.

But these exceptions being not many, no more does prejudice the justness of these ensuing descriptions, than Balaam and Lucian's asses do the stated definition of that remarkable creature, That it is an animal superlatively grave and thoughtful, but was never once heard to speak three words of sense or reason.

As for the performance itself, it is but an essay, nay, only the first rude strokes of a novice: Fam'd Kneller, no doubt, when first he touched the pencil, brought forth such imperfect productions, as required the hand of a penman below, to make his design legible.

But the rough draught of a novice is the devil, you'll say! I own it: I perceive full well, that none of the characters, but what are a great deal short of their full height, that a multitude of lively strokes are wanting in each; and even those that are hit, have nothing of that smoothness and embellishment which the dignity of the personages does merit.

But the plain truth is, being, by an unexpected turn, commanded over the hills and far away, and all mankind knowing, that wind and tide will stay for no body, I am, by all this, so stinted, that there has been but very little more time allotted to the composing, than many would ask to the bare transcribing of the work.

Permit it therefore, as it is, to hang in view at the Horse-Guards, Meuse-Gate, Bread-Street Corner, or some such eminent place of sale, till more leisure, or a better hand, amend it.

Portsmouth, Nov. }
the 24th, 1706. }



T H E

Character of a SHIP of WAR.

IT is a wooden world, fabricated by the frail hand of man, and yet is of a more firm texture than the great one, if we may believe old sages, who tell us, that this would drop to pieces, if but one atom only was wanting; whereas our wood-creation holds firm together, when battered worse than a bawdy-house.

It is Noah's ark improved to the best advantage, with all the tame beasts garbled out, that hate the smell of gun-powder.

It is a floating castle, or airy fortress rather, being governed by the motions of the wind, and flies so far, that no bird in nature, but a woodcock, can hold way with it.

It is the most admirable swimming contrivance that ever mortal thought brought forth, for the ruin of all that long for it; as far surpassing both in design and success, the *quondam* bawdy-house on the Thames, as St. Paul's church doth Doctor Burges's conventicle.

It is the great bridge of the ocean, conveying over to all habitable places death, pox, and drunkenness; and brings back, in return, all the foreign vices that we are strangers to in our own country.

It is the great wooden horse of nature, for the accommodation of all such as want to ride in post-haste from one world to the other.

It is the sovereign of the aquatic globe, giving despotic laws to all the meaner fry, that live upon that shining empire.

It is the New-Bridewell of the nation, where all the incorrigible rascals are sent, to wear out ropes, and make more work for the hempen whores in London.

It is the Christian sanctuary of nonsolvent debtors, and unfortunate whoremasters, who are no less secured here than miscreants of old at the horns of the altar.

It is Old Nick's academy, where the seven liberal sciences of swearing, drinking, thieving, whoreing, killing, couzening, and backbiting, are taught to full perfection.

It is the mighty guardian of our island, defending us all around from foreign dangers, as watchfully as a mastiff does an orchard.

It is the grand patron of all mechanic traders, by sinking and destroying one half of their manufactures, to bring the other half to a good market.

It is the grand benefactor to shipping and sailors, by easing them of part of their cargo, that they may the better run from danger, and taking care of their men when the toilsome voyage is over.

It is the illustrious emblem of vain man, who fancies himself immortal in his children, because they are called by his name ; when, God knows, they have scarce one inch of timber of the fabric they are christened by, the new Sovereign being no more the old one, than a cabbage is a horse, because sprung from horse-dung.

In

In fine, it is Belzebub's grand arsenal, where you meet so much tumult, thunder, fire and smoak, sometimes, that Old Nick himself cannot know which way to turn himself.

Here lies all the infernal engines that cast forth Lucifer's thunder-bolts; ranged in rows, like the surgeon's gally-pots; and hard it is to tell which of either doth the most execution; what the first misseth, the other makes sure of, and both together send more poor souls to the devil, than the very devils themselves do. Hence we may infer too, that it is old Charon's plague, sending him more at once, than he can turn his hands to, and puts him upon the modern invention of rafting the poor souls astern, like water-casks.

Some compare her to a commonwealth, and carry the allegory from the vane down to the keelson, and from his worship the captain as low as the very swabber. But that sage hit it best undoubtedly, who compared a ship to a woman.

Not for that both are of the female gender; not for that she is very apt to be leaky; not for that her pump-dale smells strongest when she has the soundest bottom; but chiefly because her rigging, and sitting forth, is always worth double her carcass.

She is commonly in her dishabille, till the time she appears at Spithead, and there she looks more charming than a painted whore in a side-box.

To this grand rendezvous of wooden beauties, come oft-times fat country 'squires, led by the same curiosity that draws them to the Tower in term-time, to see his Majesty's wild beasts.

Nor do ladies disdain to pay visits hither, when Epsom and the Bath are out of season, for variety is the happiness of life; and oft have they found

by experience, that the heaving and setting in a man of war, is much more efficacious than spaw-water.

To give one general definition of the inhabitants of this wooden wonder, is difficult, because they belong to various regions, there being as many graduated mansions in her, as is betwixt us and the empyreal heaven; they can't be all flesh, that is certain, because many of them live under water; and yet, though they both eat and sleep there, they have no more gills than an oyster.

They are a strange generation of mortals, that is certain; for they feed and sleep in their shell, like worms in a nut; and the more they eat, still the more they enlarge their quarters.

They are ten times more populous than a Dutch commonwealth, and have a thousand times less of their own growth to live upon; and yet the States General, God bless them, scoff not much better than they do.

In fine, they are the chaff of the world, being toss'd here and there by every blast that bloweth. When they walk, they swing their corps like a pendulum, and believe it the most upright steady motion. They are sure to walk firm, where all other creatures tumble; and seldom can keep their legs long, when they get upon *Terra firma*.

I have kept you thus staring without board, purely till the captain be ready to receive us: Let us enter now a God's name, and see what a reception his honour will give.

The Character of a SEA-CAPTAIN.

HE is a Leviathan, or rather a kind of sea-god, whom the poor tars worship as the Indians do the devil, more through fear than affection; nay, some will have it, that he is more a devil than the devil himself.

Old Nick has so much conscience, say they, as to allow all his slaves their hire, nay, and lets them many times possess more than their due dividend of human enjoyments : But this ruler of the roaft has so little Christian honesty, as to force the sailors not only to work, watch, and fight, but even starve too, for his sole advantage; puts them upon a thousand extra services, and works of supererogation, and afterwards sends them to the devil for a reward, if they but barely offer to ask one.

His extraction is not from the dunghill, that is certain; for his dad, in a drunken frolick, begot him at sea; and thence comes his eager inclination to wine and gunpowder ever after.

Though it is commonly said of him, that he is better fed than taught, yet he fully makes up the poverty of his education, with that of his endowments; for he is commonly a man of many talents; he relies far more upon these than book-knowledge, and accounts all literature very impertinent, that tends not directly to the doubling of a penny.

The great cabin is the *sanctum sanctorum* he inhabits; from this all mortals are excluded by a marine, with a brandish'd sword, who guards this bird of paradise as watchfully as the centries do the geese in St. James's Park.

Sometimes a humble suppliant is admitted to the threshold, usher'd in by the barber, the master of his ceremonies ; and while this poor mendicant addresses him with fear and trembling, this son of Boreas (that he might not daunt the creature too much) looks round, and turns his sternpost directly upon him.

It must be a great change of weather indeed, when he deigns to walk the quarter-deck ; for such a prostitution of his presence, he thinks, weakens his authority, and makes his worship less revered by the ship's crew.

Here he is easily distinguished from all besides ; for his steps bear proportion with the height of his post, stalking along with grave state, like the ghost in the Libertine.

Upon his first popping up, the lieutenants sheer off to the other side, as if he was a ghost indeed ; for 'tis impudence for any to approach him within the length of a boat-hook.

By this servile obeisance, one would fancy him some constellation dropt from the clouds, or that at least he was monarch of far more territories, than ever he touched at in all his voyagings.

He fulfils to a tittle the never-failing proverb, *Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to Peg Cranium's* ; for being once mounted his wooden steed, there is no stopping his career, for he makes every thing sheer before him.

He is an everlasting admirer of that old saying, *Familiarity breeds contempt* ; which he takes in so extensive a sense, that he allows no distinction betwixt an officer and a swabber ; exacting infinitely more ceremony from his lieutenant, than he will allow to God Almighty.

In fine, looking all around, and seeing his spot
of

of territory incircled with salt-water, he fancies himself as great a prince as the prince of Great Britain.

This pride of his is the only sea-sickness that he is plagued with, and which intoxicates him to that degree, that he neither knows himself, nor others; but it holds him no longer than while he's aboard. Remove him ashore once, and his brains grow settled, and he becomes your humble servant in an instant.

He projects more trifling innovations in his ship, than a shop politician does in the state; nothing he believes was ever rightly done, till he took place; and yet they that know him better than he does himself, won't allow him to be an inch better man than those that flourish'd in honest Van Tromp's days.

These were the days when Plain Dealing reigned, when Manly and Freeman lived like friends together, and merit shined with lustre, more than gold; but now the purse-proud Captain looks askant on all that chance has placed below him.

Formerly a well-mann'd side, with one officer alone, was thought a sufficient token of respect; but now every officer must run at midnight to receive their chief, tho' he comes aboard as drunk as a beggar. What can we expect less in the succeeding year, than that his great proxy, the first lieutenant, attend his waters purely to prevent an Interregnum? For some, God knows, have had the unhappy fate to part with their Sir—and their lives together.

He complies with his printed instructions as precisely as the chaplain does with the rules of the gospel. His will is a law, that is certain, and
it

it is his will to act contrary to law ; for who dare say to him, *What doest thou ?*

But how absolute soever his command is abroad, he has a check-mate at home, that oft-times raises such a hurricane as to drive him from his moorings ; and then it is a hundred to one if he can bring up before he split his reputation upon Cuckcolds-point, or elsewhere.

And truly the hero fears her more than a storm. Many a hecatomb of humble prayers does he offer to appease this petticoat deity ; nay, and never fails to bring her every now and then from afar, some valuable toy or other, in hopes to keep her a faithful turtle in his absence ; but she, alas ! is no such doleful bird, but a woman ; and cannot but think him a very inhuman creature, to put her upon so unconscionable a lent, as to fast a whole summer's expedition.

How fond soever he appears of his dear duck's company, he makes no tiresome stay with her ; for after the honey-moon is over, he pretends pressing orders from the board ; so taking his last farewell, he leaves her in the lurch, and straight makes an elopement to Spithead again ; but the parson, or some kind neighbour in the parish, hearing of her solitary circumstances, very christianly endeavours to stop up all gaps of discontent betwixt them,

His flight from England he takes in the spring, and you seldom see him more till the coming in of woodcocks ; and oft-times it lasts much longer.

Tho' he is but a very sorry horseman, yet he is mightily given to the chase ; but how eager soever he shews himself in pursuing the game, he always takes great care *to look before he leaps*.

Hence it is, that he is never without a swinging

ing large spy-glass, which yet one would fancy to be no good one, because his honour is very often found to see double through it.

The first thing he peeps at, thro' his trusty spy-all, is, the chase's port-holes; if she is well stock'd with these in his apprehension, he won't look twice; for friend or enemy, she is a scurvy sight at a distance, and it is no wisdom to venture within reach of his own eyes, because Tartars are swift-footed.

He is a great admirer of a fleet sailor, and had rather have a good runner, than a ship of great force; for if he can't take, he can leave, and there is no honour lost, if he but come off with his bacon; so that willingly he would fall in with none but merchant ships; all besides is dry meat, and very unpalatable to a man that has his quick senses.

If she loom to his wish, he is as brisk as bottled ale, and flies at her with all the sail he can pack; and fain would he have you fancy, that he shews his much courage by his much crowding; but the boatswain perhaps will murmur you under the rose, it is the trick of a hound to be yare at hares only.

The truth is, he generally looks as fierce and eager as a tyger pursuing a deer; but if when he has got a-breast of his enemy, he finds, that she is better flesh'd than he thought for, the Belle-Air unfortunately then deserts him, and you may fairly read his apprehensions in his very countenance.

He has a rare hand at playing away his lieutenants upon hair-brain'd enterprizes; for he is as prodigal as the devil of other mens blood, when money is in the way, and always makes use of a lieutenant's paw to draw it out of danger; for though it is mighty common with him to quit the ship, without leave, for a good dinner, yet he makes

makes it an indispensable law, never to step forth when danger calls him.

So he deposes for his proxy some numbskulled officer, whom he most esteems; and to demonstrate his kind love the more, he strips him of all, when the prey is took, that the world may not think, that the young Squire's courage was mercenary.

If any of the meaner fry shall gape for their proper share, he will be sure to mark that villain out for a mutineer in thought, and sit like pitch on his skirts for ever after.

Thus, tho' he have not one hand in the taking, he will be sure to have both in the disposing of a prize. The king allots him three parts in eight for his singular hazards, and he grants himself the other five, to prevent foolish factions and divisions.

Now, fools that give not themselves the liberty to think, would fancy all this to have somewhat of knavery in it; whereas in him it is a digested thought of prudence; for to divide the spoil (will he say), were but every tar a crown, whereas all in a lump, it is a pretty round sum, worth any gentleman's keeping; but should a half-starved sailor sharp a pair of old shoes from him, he would surely drub the pilfering cur to death for it.

Thus the wretched ship's crew, that sweat and fight for bread, get scarce the very husk, whilst he runs away with the flower of the cargo, and epicurizes his pocky carcass for ever after.

But sometimes he meets with a gruff subaltern, that snarls at his rapacious stomach, and by the help of a board, makes him take up with Doctors-Commons; which brings the monster down again to his due proportion.

Gold

Gold has a far more powerful virtue over him, than the loadstone has upon the sea-compass; which, tho' ever so well touched, will often point from its true pole; whereas this precious *Flower-de-luce* for ever looks directly to the groat-planet, in spite of all three-penny changes whatsoever.

Hence, if he be not damnably rich, 'tis none of his fault, for he boggles at no imaginary quicksands that may lie in his way; nay, such a hungry shark is he, that you would swear he had neither sense or taste of infamy. In fine, this famous man of war is of such an unaccountable workmanship, that four ounces of Vigo dust shall weigh him down more, than four ton of honesty. Batter him with gold once, and he shall strike instantly to the most scandalous articles that hell can offer.

Thus he is always more intent upon cramming his bags, than filling the sailors bellies; if they starve, 'tis no matter; it is but pressing for more at home, and he has them; but sometimes he comes many leagues short of his reckoning, for through want of hands to work her, the ship is lost in a storm, and so his worship goes with all his ill-got wealth to the devil.

Cheating, he believes the pure effect of a long head, and is as much scandalized to find any in his ship outwitting him at that game. Bubling, he says, is the result of sound reasoning, and he that dares not be a rascal upon a fair occasion, he is sure dare do nothing.

Generosity, he reckons as unaccountable as the extravagant tricks of knight-errantry; and human compassion, to be little better than a human frailty. He can no way credit the story of Alexander's throwing the cup of water from him, before the face of his perishing army; for his part, he

he had rather see the whole fleet parched up like touchwood, for want of water, than his washer-man should be stinted any way; nay, so incredibly extravagant is he sometimes, as to wash his cabin with fresh water, when the ship's company want it to allay the burning heat of their salt victuals, and hard labour. Whoever starves, his sheep and hogs, to be sure, must live at full allowance. Thus, though he be no water-drinker himself, he destroys an hundred times more than those that have nothing besides to live on.

But, pardon me, I am far from drawing him a downright reprobate; for all the world knows, that he has some good works hanging about him; he has so much Christian charity as to make wills for unfortunate intestates, that wanted time to do it for themselves, and compassionately espouses the interest of all those poor souls that die abroad without any friends or relations, by generously owning them to have been his servants, and having, upon the advice of his learned council in Black-Fryars, forged their indentures and names; by the virtue of it receiving their pay, and very carefully secures it for them till they come to call for it.

The purser would be a rich knave, but for him and the rats together; but he will by no means let that rogue play his pranks on board, except he pay him soundly for a licence; and truly that projector is as good an annuity to him, as a first rate bawdy-house is to a Middlesex justice.

These two often join loggerheads together, and broach more pernicious contrivances, to the detriment of the ship, than ever London vintners did to the ruin of honest topers.

He often applauds the wisdom of the Dutch, in
letting

letting their ships be wholly victualled by their captains; and swears, that did we but introduce the like among us, it would quite clear the fleet of the scurvy.

One so solicitous about other people's healths cannot be unmindful of his own, to be sure; and truly he is so very cheary of it, that he sometimes outlives his commission by it; for he had rather part with his ship, than come within the possibility of a West-India sickness; and yet, in spite of all his providence, the poor tars that go, live to piss on his grave a twelvemonth after.

He feasts his brother captains out of pure good husbandry, for they club dinners by turns; and that nothing may be lost, the fragments are gather'd to make up a supper, and so cheat both the dogs and the servants.

His dishes are not many, but very well season'd; yet nothing gives so great a relish to his palate, as the hard allowance of his ship's crew. It is an unspeakable titillation to one of his constitution, to see every day so many hundred poor souls, that would reckon it a blessing to have but one savoury smell at his flesh-pots.

He never wants for two sorts of liquors, the good and the bad; the first is reserved for the sole use of the best person at the table, and that is himself to be sure; as for the other, you shan't want enough of it, and that to be sure unsophisticated with the other.

He distributes his dead hogs and sheep as he does his cast apparel, among his followers, who, by their eating, seem to fancy it somewhat divine, because killed by the hand of providence; and truly they may thank providence for it, which else had been spent all at their master's table.

Once a moon, perhaps, he invites some marine lieutenant to taste of his bounty; but the poor gentleman finds his dinner bestowed rather as a charity, than an honourable entertainment; for, upon his entry, he finds him beforehand seated at table, with as stiff an air as if he expected your coming to kiss his toe; for no pope on earth can look greater. Down you sit along with this dumb God; who shews what you are to do next, by first helping himself; if you don't follow, you may fast, for, by Neptune, he won't assist you. Thus you sit as mute as a fish, or a bawd at an evening-lecture, till his worship has finished; and then he rises first; you may stay, or follow him, if you please, but not into the cabin, but upon deck, and there you may walk and digest both your meat and your reception. But who would not curse his haughty senseless vanity, that makes a gentleman pay dearer for his sorry commons than ever Pontac chalked up to a fortunate club of city cuckolds? A servile constraint being much more resented by a generous soul than a deep reckoning.

He never deigns to discourse at table with any below a Brother-captain, and then the grand text they hold forth upon, is the behaviour of their lieutenants whose reputation they worry more greedily than their victuals; but sometimes their villainous reflexions take wind, and then ten to one but their bullet-heads compound for the lapses of their tongues.

View but his muster-books, and you'll, by their rates, fancy his men the stoutest fellows in the navy; but view them on the deck, and Lord! what a herd of animals you'll behold! At every tenth call, perhaps you may tally down a sailor.

What

What discouragement gives not this to right-bred tars from entering volunteers, where they find a scoundrel taylor, or rascally barber, meet with ten times better entertainment, and never touch a rope for it?

If he is allow'd a score or two of servants, for the greater encouragement to navigation, he's sure to pick up a scum that are good for nothing, that they may cost him next to nothing in the keeping.

These he often puts into the King's livery, and makes him pay for the stuff, to avoid the penalty; but more often he covers this wretched blackguard with white canvas, that the lice may want good footing.

A few he has of a higher form, whom he calls his menial retinue; these, tho' just pick'd off from a taylor's shop-board, are rated able on his ship's books. Thus he has every thing at free cost, from a steward down to a shoe-wiper. When these are once initiated within the steerage, they are like sacred devotees, for ever after debarred profaning their hands with ropes or tar-buckets.

He spends a deal of puzzling thought upon his boat's crew, and racks his invention about their equipment; if he hit upon any new maggot in their caps or coats, he is prouder of his ingenuity than a first-rate taylor, when his span-new fashion takes at St. James's. He had much rather see his cock-swain in a clean shirt than his lieutenant, and believes a kittisol a nobler piece of magnificence than a good table.

He has a mortal aversion to your merchant-ship captains, not purely for their presumptuous assumption of his proper title, but out of an old grudge; for he can't yet shake off the remem-

brance of those many dry blows he received when cabin-boy to old Gruff of Wapping.

Yet his aversion is not so invincible, but it may be surmounted by a weighty present upon a homeward bound voyage; and he takes their offering with as much supercilious state, as an eastern monarch, or West-India vice-roy.

His lieutenants are his great eye-sore, because they alone lay pretensions to gentility, a thing that alarms him more than a lighted pipe in a powder-room. He uses them with much stricter severity, considering their station, than he does the lousy crew; he tops upon them like a yard-arm, to depress them the lower on the other side.

The plain truth is, 'tis somewhat better being his dog, or his monkey, than his subaltern, for he makes a hail fellow of these upon his quarter-deck, whilst he keeps all besides at a surly distance.

But sometimes he has the good luck to meet with a very complaisant fellow, that will fetch and carry like Tray, and suffer himself to be bubbled, and rid like an ass, with thankfulness. This is the officer he has so long wished for; this he cries up for a paramount lieutenant, and just ready ripe for a captainship; so, by a rascally recommendation to the board, he endeavours to reward him at the public cost; for, to be sure, this creature will prove just such a caterpillar as his maker.

After his dogs are served, he distributes the remains of his loving kindness on some snotty-nosed letter-man, the product of some *quondam* punk, or alewife. If one of these carry any fancied strokes of his features, that lucky youth is certainly mark'd out for a commission, and he shall force a rupture with some one of his lieutenants,

to make a vacancy for him, rather than he shall wait till manhood without one.

A great politician he must needs be, for he sails with every shift of wind; and when the gale of good fortune shrinks, he alters his course, and reaches his port by the traverse rules of injustice and oppression.

If the wind and tide of affairs prove too violent, he then certainly trims about, and bears away for any place, 'tis no matter what port, whether Turk or infidel; for against wind and tide too, there is no working.

He is neither a wit nor a fool; for he has commonly too much grease, and too little erudition, to be the one, and has seen so much of the world, that he cannot well be the other; yet he's so far a sot, as to think no man sees so well as himself, because none has travelled so many leagues as he has done.

He has no mortal aversion for the French; it is not their blood he thirsts after, but their claret; 'tis involuntary, to be sure, if he spill of the one or the other.

He is commonly a stiff man for the government, yet not so stiff as to carry sail against all weathers. He loves loyalty, but he loves his ship much better; and rather than lose this, he will throw the other overboard in a storm. To beat up against all revolutions, does but disable a man, and drifts him into the gulf of poverty, which he dreads more ten thousand times over than the bay of Biscay.

He laughs at the poor simplicity of the antients, that shaped their course to wealth by the straight lines of honesty and plain-dealing: The world is now found to be globular ever since the disco-

very of the West-Indies, and consequently, cries he, the only way to hit rightly upon Peru and Mexico, is by the curved lines of our modern mercators, who make all the meridionals of the chart of life, to bend and center in the two poles of luxury and power.

There are no blasts so frightful to him, as those strong unexpected turnadoes, that come off shore from the territories of the admiralty; these sometimes reach him as far as Brasil and Jamaica; and most certainly overset him, if he be not ready stiffen'd with Peru ballast. If he have enough of this, he may get safe home, provided always he observe well his land-marks, keeping Crutched-Fryars in a line with the horse-guards; and then he may run in boldly to Chatham.

Being arrived here, his first thought is, to inform the board, that he and the ship are both living; and his next is, to petition for a few weeks comfortable relaxation from the woeful fatigues of a perpetual swilling, eating, and sleeping, for a whole twelvemonth together, to the great detriment of his body and face, which are already become as unfashionable as a Smithfield inn-keeper's. Having made this remonstrance, ashore he comes with so blustering an air, as if he fancied himself the son of Neptune come to declare war against the whole earth.

The first trip he makes is to his precious helpmate, and his next to Whitehall, where you will find him offering at the airs of a courtier: He begins with the porter of the office at the *Anchor of Hope*, to whom he pays more servile cringes, than ever he allowed aboard his own ship to his betters; but though he pass muster here, he cannot at St. James's;

James's; for the tar is smelt out under all his trappings.

In fine, strip him of every thing but himself, or let him truck jackets with any of his barge-men, and if you distinguish him from out the crew, I'll give you leave to hang him; their discourse, their behaviour, their passions, their aims, their wishes, their every-thing so alike, that any one that has but sense enough to know fish from flesh, will cry out, *They are all of a mould, and there's never a barrel a better herring.*

A SEA-LIEUTENANT,

IS a gentleman, he'll tell you, by his commission; and hence it is he carries it always about him, to give you demonstration-proof, in case you call it in question: He lugs it out as often as he does his watch, and believes both together convincing proofs of his gentility.

The better officer he is, he is sure of having the worse captain; for upon the diligence and compliance of the one, depends the pride and laziness of the other; so that the one doing as he ought, the other is sure to do nothing. Thus these two are generally pair'd like married couples, the very good wife being linked in the chain of providence to the good-for-nothing husband.

There are several sorts and sizes of lieutenants, but they may be comprised within three degrees of comparison: The first of these is the captain's vicegerent, and generally heir apparent to him; and often in his sleep he fancies himself actually in possession, to the no small wonder of the quarter-deck, when in the dead of the night they hear him

him cuff about the bed and bedposts, and crying out, in a cold sweat, *Zounds, mind your hand, you dog at the helm, and bear away : Bear up round, you slave, for the enemy you see edge down upon us ;* so offering at the quartier's chops in his dream, he strikes his fist against the ship-side, and streight that awakes him, to his no little comfort, in finding he had been all this while sleeping in a whole skin.

If he be in a leading ship, his hopes stand fair ; and fairer still, if she's alone, on a long expedition ; there oft does he pray for his captain's death most unfeignedly, but not that it may come by a cannon-shot ; for he loves not to wet his fingers with a bloody commission ; it is most legible when only in White and Black, and he hopes to keep it so all his days, when he gets it.

His ambition reaches just Commission-high ; all other contemplations he reckons extra duties, and the mere conundrums of an idle fancy.

He is eminently skilled in talking much to little purpose, and believes all knowledge beyond the reach of his discipline, not worth sounding for.

He is a man of parts, that he is sure of ; and he would deem himself a great Blockhead, if he told you not as much the first time he sees you. He tells you often, both drunk and sober, what a notable fellow he is, and the many reformatations he will introduce, and what mighty discoveries he will make, when he comes into his kingdom ; and yet had he his wishes, he would just keep his word in this, as in all his other promises : He would reign just like the lazy monarch before him, and shew he had not one ounce better blood than his leader.

He is so much the captain's right-hand, that he can scarce wipe his backside without him. He is

a second Sofia, and assumes the captain's phiz, air, pride, and blasphemy in his absence ; then he acts his Rehearsal over, that he may not have his part to seek, when he comes to be dubbed captain indeed.

Tho' he see the court less, he has yet as much circumspection ashore, in his conversation, as his captain ; for he takes care to smell the ground where he is, and, like a wise Philosopher, conforms to time and place most precisely. Hence it comes, that among unconstrained manly society, he is as amicable as a sheep, and very seldom talks Atheism, but in the presence of the Chaplain, or is very unruly, but in civil company.

But follow him strait into his wooden territories, and you'll see him display his commission with a vengeance, especially in the captain's absence ; then he will over-act his part most unsufferably, insomuch that you'd wonder a sheep should so suddenly all at once be turned to a tyger.

Speak to him there tho' in never so mild terms, he takes it his own way, and answers you in fire and smoak through his nostrils : In this kind of unmanly Billingsgate clashing, he is a much greater master than at the clashing of weapons.

The more gruff and waspish he is, the less will he tolerate it in others ; and you have him a thousand times storming at the haughtiness of such as have ten times less than himself.

Oft does he mutter at the partialities of the board, and admires at the neglect of merit, including himself for certain ; and yet his preferment had already out-run his deserts, farther than ever his dead reckoning did his observation.

His post in a fight is the gun-deck, and there he is sure of but one chance against him ; for he would

would deem himself an unpardonable blockhead, if he kept not out of the way of small shot.

Of all officers in the ship he rails the most against captains, tho' he is the first of any that hopes to be one. He'll tell you a thousand wicked stories of them in his cups, and swear they are more fatal to the ship than stinking beef, and scarce one worth Keel-hawling.

But when he's sober again, he seriously curses the freedom of his tongue, and is ready to eat his words when you'll have him. He relies on the captain's good word, as the cut-water to his preferments, and begs a certificate, when he removes from the ship, with as sneaking a look almost as a cripple does from a country-justice.

He makes, at every turn, a heavy coyle about the discipline of the navy, and yet puts it as little in practice as his lazy commander. Every old woman knows, that the end of war-ships is fighting; but this spluttering manager seems to believe them built and maintained purely for sailing and wearing out canvas.

Hence, if he have but hands enough to furl, rief, and make sinnate, he concludes this wooden fortress better manned than the Trojan horse; for she is fitted for all weathers.

So the only thing he dreams not on, is the discipline of fighting, till chance sometimes throws him in the way of it, and then he is struck as mute as a young whore taken in the fact, and knows not which way to turn him; for 'tis too late then to offer at instructing the ship's crew, whom he has kept as ignorant of gunnery as a hackney coach-man.

He reckons himself (tho' perhaps but the son of a costard-monger) fifty degrees above a commander

mander of a merchant-ship; and yet his gentility is furer to stoop lower than the other in matters of traffick; nay, such a sorry dealer is he of small ware, that you would swear he had served twice seven years' prenticeship to a Scots pedlar.

He judges of men, as he does of ships, by the outside; and he that makes the most gilded appearance, is most certainly the happiest, in his mathematical conceit.

His seniority gives him some advantages over his brothers; but the only best is that of half-pay, when the war is blown over. Were it not for this, his thoughts would tumble to and fro, worse than a ship becalm'd after a great storm in the gulf of Lyons.

The second lieutenant is a kind of spare top-mast, that lies idle while the first is standing, and in good condition; so we'll e'en lay him fore and aft for the present, and come to the lowest, who is as tall as the highest in his own conceit.

This same then is a kind of Hobbedehoy, or boy in man's cloaths; for his chin is yet as smooth as the backside of his commission. Being young and supple, the captain endeavours to qualify him to be penny-post-man, as not having any half-pay to trust to. He sends him upon a thousand sleeveless errands, to the great consolation of the footman, and to his own great diversion; for he takes no little pleasure to humble the young 'squire, and pull him down beyond ordinary, that when he comes up, he may stand at the true bent, fit for a commander to shoot his game withal.

He must come to the ring of midnight bell, tho' it be but to call a servant. He must go a league or two, to carry a leg of mutton (but under pretence of carrying a letter) to a brother captain,

tain, and to ask, by the by, how he digested his last night's debauch.

If he boggle or stand upon his punctilio's, and refuse performing such like menaces, he is immediately proclaimed throughout the fleet, a reifty puppy; and the captains, one and all, join notes together, and bark the poor gentleman out of the navy; at least he has a mark of distinction clapt on him behind his back, which makes him in almost as forlorn a condition as a fresh-water booby condemned to storm the castle.

But all this wears off in time, and his authority grows up with his beard, so that in one twelve-month he comes to be an able, roaring, threshing fellow, and fit to be sent upon pressing.

So when the ship has been sufficiently depopulated by ill usage, my spark is detached ashore, with some choice hounds, to go hunt out a fresh stock.

He hugs the occasion, to be sure on't, for he never fancies himself so great by his commission, as by his press-warrant, because here he hectors without a rival.

The truth is, he and his bandogs together, make a woeful noise in all the sea-port towns round the kingdom; he beats up all quarters, and rummages all the Wapping ale-houses, as narrowly as he would a prize for the Indies.

The ale-wives tickle him in the gills with the title of captain, which makes him oft-times stay to get drunk in their houses, out of pure joy and gratitude.

But his strictest inquest is in your sailors proper habitations; there he plays the devil upon two sticks, and pries into every suspicious corner, whilst the poor wife, to quiet him, freely lets him

exa-

examine every hole he can find out, and then he marches off well satisfied.

In fine, he's a perfect hurricane in a little town, and drives the laggard dogs along the streets with as much noise and bustle, as butchers do swine to Smithfield; nay, not only forces them to run against the stream, but oft-times makes them tow astern a heavy fly-boat of a wife, as far as from Tweed to Medway; and tho' he really hurry men off against their inclinations, he's as far from being a kidnapper as a hangman is from being a cut-throat.

In the days of Yore, he used to play the devil amongst the Newcastle colliers, who oft-times, to shun his threatening Scylla, have grounded their vessels on Charibdis. But those that knew his trim, used to load him well with ale and salmon, the common way to fore-reach upon him; but if he chanced to prove head-strong, that no liquor could overcome him, the last remedy then was, to bring out some yellow boys, which were of far more esteem with him than so many sun-burnt sailors.

Thus in one Northern trip, he would pick ye up a hundred or two of these little youngers, with which he could fight better than with so many stout tars in an engagement.

Having brought him back again among his brethren, let us now take him *to be as good as the best of them*, and so draw him in perfection.

Tho' he is an officer, he is a downright eyeservant, and is never so active as in the presence of his commander; he is then perpetually making incursion into the boatswain's province, and too often intrenches upon his proper duty; for he is a smart fellow at a cudgel, and oft does he make

the poor tars yelp and run about, like dogs in a church, under the correction of a sexton.

He can no more refrain drubbing in the sight of strangers, than a Frenchman can hold from cutting capers in the presence of ladies; and he has as great an itch at breaking of heads on board, as he has ashore at breaking of windows; and well he may, for here he lays on with irresistible blows, and always come off scot-free.

Thus he trains up sailors, as carmen do horses, with the stick and whip; for he knows by the constitution of his own nature, that no good can be done without drubbing.

But if he gives, he takes too sometimes, inso-much that it is not easy to determine which of the two provokes most the other, he or his captain; if this use the first like an ass, the first gives him good cause by his servile sufferance.

But Job at last complained, and so does he; but instead of being fourfold better, it costs him his ruin; for tho' right and justice be his advocates, 'tis captains only hear and judge him, and those brother-starlings are birds of a feather that always agree together.

He is a mighty exact man about trifles, and lays far more stress upon the running up of yards and top-masts well after a storm, than of the running out of guns briskly in an engagement. If but a pitiful boat, clapt aboard, tho' in safe harbour, without timely notice first given, he shall make a greater clamour and uproar, than if she was grappled by a fireship.

He is never truly calm, but in the hurly-burly of a fight; for then people have other fish to fry, than to mind him; nor is he sorry for it, because (howsoever he may flatter himself at other times)
upon

upon such occasions he finds himself made but of the common mould, and as liable to sink as other mortals ; but he cannot easily be smelt out amidst so much smoak of gun-powder.

He is no hypocrite as to his vices, that is certain ; for he'll tell you a hundred times over without asking, what a notable lewd fellow he is, and has been in his generation, and values himself not a little upon the reputation of it.

He'll swear to you, he has made more cuckolds than bowls of punch ; and believes there is no more fir in taking a spell with a whore, than in pumping a leaky vessel.

The surgeon makes much more of his debauchery, than his courage, and always takes care to patch him up with speed, to have the better customer of him.

But yet, after all, if you won't believe he is very often guilty of lying, you'll wrong him ; for he is not altogether so very a miscreant as he would pass for, fathering many more wicked pranks than ever he had force or courage to be guilty of. Lord ! what a number of fine women has he overset ; and how many lusty fellows has he made look pale, whom he never once saw or dream'd of.

Not but that he has made many attempts of both kinds, and with the like success, as seldom coming off from the one without a clap, as from the other without a beating : When he has got his belly-full of both, he puts aboard again, and one summer's voyage buries all in oblivion.

When he's out at sea, he is in a strange pickle, and oft looks around him, with as pensive a phiz, as a horse penn'd up in a pinfold. Lord, cries he, who but a madman would go to sea to fish for

bread ! Ads death, there is no living like a Christian, but upon *Terra Firma*.

But as there is no place so wretched, as to want its comforts, he weans by degrees his longings after the flesh-pots of Sodom, and in lieu of whores, makes cards and dice his serious entertainment. He tempers his bad throws with good punch, for the box and glafs go hand in hand together. By the time he has unloaded his pockets, he is floated off his legs, and then drives upon the coast of Bedfordshire, and there he sticks fast till next morning.

He as little thinks of going to heaven, as to Jamaica : He cannot, he says, find any fixed pole-star, or mathematical rules to trust to in that voyage ; so he shapes his course after his captain, without observing any latitude in his doings.

But tho' he tries every way, both by little and large, to keep up with his leader, he's commonly wrong'd very much for want of sail and skill too, so that how well soever he can weather upon others, he never is able to fore-reach upon his commander.

He has an equal aversion to fighting and peace, and prays heartily for the long life of Lewis, for fear the war die with him. Oft does he ruminate on that unhappy happy change, and then his thoughts are adrift what course to steer, but at last he grounds himself upon the isle of pyrates.

But, alack ! his noble resolutions shift like tides ; for every beacon he meets with, reminds him of Tyburn, and then he determines to hawl upon a bowling all the days of his appointed time, rather than teach fools wisdom at his own cost, and hang up in chains for the good of posterity.

'Tis this thought often mortifies him in his days
of

of prosperity, and makes him, by intervals, a much more humane officer than otherwise his nature would allow him to be.

In finè, he is the captain's humble pig in a string, or rather his greyhound, let loose after every chace, which, if he take, he is sure to pick the bones for his labour ; but of all chaces, he likes that of a well-freight widow best ; if he can but once clap her aboard, he's sure to carry her ; and tho' he cannot pretend to make her all his own, yet he sticks by her till he has reached to the end of his voyage of life.

Now, after all that has been said, it must be owned, that you shall sometimes stumble upon a Lieutenant, as cuckolds do upon hidden treasures, of a very different make to what you find here, who, as they have been born to, and bred up in the principles of honour and virtue, so they would not, for all the plunder got at Alicant, stoop to any thing beneath their birth and character.

A SEA-CHAPLAIN,

IS one that in his junior days was brought up in the fear of the Lord ; but the university reasoned him out of it at last, and he has oft-times thanked his good stars for it.

It is his happiness, he believes, that he stayed not to take any deep root at the college, for then he might unfortunately have grown up to be a pedant, and por'd himself into stupidity.

He has improved his sense wonderfully, since he came to be a fellow-commoner in the navy, inso-much that no man living can impose a fallacy upon his understanding, in any element that comes with-

in the verge of the cook-room; nay, such is the strength of his intellects, and so admirable his penetration, that he shall spy out wild-fowl, when they are, as it were, in the clouds to all besides, and smell out roast-meat a good league off, or better; but though he be really a person of singular taste, and nice of sense, he never has the vanity to be thought so.

He is seldom oppressed with the drudgery of prayer; once a day were an intolerable burden, that would lie heavier upon his stomach than rusty pork or burgoo.

He is a preacher, tho' he never once came within a pulpit; he holds forth according to the true primitive way; I don't mean in a tub, but a much surer footing; for standing upon the firm deck, he hangs his nose and arms over the back of a chair, and so falls to splitting his text most methodically; but the plain truth is, it is ready split to his hands; for he is so orthodox a parson, as to offer you no sermon but what has passed the test of the press, and has perhaps the fist of a bishop too, to warrant it sound ware.

A dozen or two of these are his whole stock; and therefore, to prevent a too nauseous tautology, he every year, if he can, removes into a fresh ship, among new parishioners, and seldom does there fail of his own tribe, ready to change with him upon the very same motive.

He is one shall make a text point as many ways as the compass, and never wants a pocket full of them, to comfort his heart with upon any carnal occasion.

Tho' he speaks more truths than an oracle, yet he seldom says as he thinks; his nose and his tongue are dissenters to each other, and very rare-

ly jump in the colours of good and evil; by the one you may hear, that nothing is so precious as the word of the Lord, and by the other you may both see and feel, that a good bottle, in his senses, is ten times more valuable than the Bible. The plain truth is, he is much better at composing a bowl of punch than a sermon.

He seldom molests a poor dying soul with his visits, because he wisely considers, that a sailor is a man of no ceremony; he verily creates far more peace of conscience to the ship's company by his practice than his preaching; for he is the great exemplar they walk by.

There's as great a difference betwixt him and a reverend divine, as betwixt a quack-doctor and a learned physician; and he will never shew it more than when you offer to tell him so; for he will be readier to confute you with his fists than any other proofs whatever.

He reckons a sober Chaplain in the navy to be a downright nonconformist, and thinks himself obliged in conscience to keep aloof from him, to avoid being tainted with so damnable a heresy.

He's an equal enemy to Popery and Calvinism, and manifests it thoroughly in his zeal for a surloin in Lent, and minc'd pyes at Christmas.

There's no hell to him like living eternally on salt provisions; fire and brimstone is but a fool to it.

Of all ceremonies, he likes well that of a cushion in praying; yet, to shew his excess of loyalty, he will drink the king's health on his knees without one.

He drinks and prays with much the like fervour. He turns up his glass and the whites of his eyes together.

together, and in the sincerity of his heart drinks it off most canonically.

He abominates all slurring upon friendly society, and had much rather chuse to drink twice, than be once suspected of baulking his neighbour.

To shew his abundant humility, he will sometimes drink flip with the midshipmen; and to prevent the fall of a weak brother, he will oft be so charitable as to drink for him.

He fulfils that axiom to a tittle, *Simile simili gaudet*; for no man that is merely human, can be more conversant with spiritual matters, than he is; nay, so elevated a creature is he, that scarce can he suffer any soul in his presence, vilely to commix them with such things as favours not thereof.

He never gives any open symptoms of being disaffected to the government, and yet he is certainly unalterably devoted to the French interest; for tho' he pretends to love the king and the church mighty well, yet he loves Bourdeaux wine and brandy much better.

He reckons it a great condescension to admit Sir _____ into his company; but for Belch, he drinks it as he takes the oaths, upon mere necessity.

You shall hear him oft-times hold forth in his cups, according as the spirit of wine gives him utterance; but you shall seldom or never find him reel along in the paths of righteousness; for when he once gets in for it, he throws off his gown and hypocrisy together, and becomes the bell-weather of the flock, to run them pall-mall into the pin-folds of the devil.

But for him the ship's crew would be passable good Christians, whereas his exemplary presence makes them often call his words to account, and

too often doubt his Sunday-labour a sham, and himself a sacred What-ye-call-'em.

A harden'd Atheist he is not, for a great storm will make him unfeignedly fearful, and then the poor rogue looks aghast like a pick-pocket taken in the fact, or an old bawd at the day of judgment, without having the comfortable prospect of one mountain to fall on his head. Hence it comes, that he sometimes backslides to the quaking sect, in spite of his gown and godliness.

He wears his prunella-gown as chearfully as he does his honesty ; there's somewhat in the wind, to be sure, when he puts on either ; and truly why should a man rub out good things, without a solid consideration for it ?

In foreign countries, he takes care to hide his light under a bushel ; his coat, sword, and neck-cloth, make him pass current for a High German Doctor ; and one would swear him one indeed, by his physical notion of things ; for a thorough debauch, he will tell you, is like a fresh in a river, sweeps away all the mud and sandy banks of our microcosm, and a sound wench cools the blood in hot countries, and keeps the flesh from warring against the spirit.

Hence it is, that he envies not at home the country vicar, with his tythe-pigs and plumb-puddings, since here he can whore with security, and get drunk like a gentleman, without scandal.

One might well believe him a good commonwealth's man, for he loves dearly to propagate his species, even in the very lands that know him not. If he chuse to perform this great work in a blind corner, and not on the house-top, it is to shew himself one of no ostentation ; and truly he is a person of so much self-denial, that with great resignation

signation he patiently lets others have the glory of fathering his labours.

It were great malice, to say he is a man of no principles; for all know him an everlasting adherer to that sovereign one of self-preservation; and no one ever found him to flinch in that principal of life, a *good stomach*.

He has so good an opinion of his own parts, that he fancies to do you a favour, in giving you his company at all entertainments, and would take it as an affront to heaven and learning, to let him contribute a mite towards it.

He flies at all game, whether it be the flesh of fowl, or the flesh of fish; wheresoever he fixeth his pounces, ~~the~~ his own, bones and all, if any way practicable; for 'tis too much loss of time to make a separation.

The only way to overcome him at argument, is here; for he had much rather let the best syllogism in the world grow cold than his victuals. To keep his grinders from mouldering against each other, he supplies both sides with grists at once; if his tongue chance to pop in the way, the Lord have mercy on it; for his jaws know no halting.

The captain, when he has got a super-ordinary dinner, sends for him to give the benediction; and truly he thinks it a very good benediction to be there to give one. He makes no long-winded graces, because he loves to keep his breath to cool his pottage.

He's the captain's trusty comerade at a game, or so, on a Sunday-evening; for there's no playing with a lay-brother on that night, for fear it take wind, and fly to the board sooner than the news of a victory; but they play not so deep as they.

they drink, for a hearty bowl prevents the spiritual food of the day from lying heavy in the stomach, there being no better digester of good doctrine, than good liquor.

He's a compleat scholar, that's evident, because for these many years he has given over all study. Sometimes he pores upon a pack of cards, or so, and makes learned animadversions on the history of the four kings and the knave of clubs.

Tho' he speaks much better English than Latin, you'd take him for a downright Irishman by his countenance, which is the choicest looking-glass in Christendom for a country Corydon to prim his phiz by.

He's neither saint nor apostle, that he will own, but his modesty cannot deny, but that his bare shadow has cured many poor creature of the similes. Some will have it, that none now-a-days, but the society of Jesus, are endowed with the knack of exorcism, yet all must allow, that our Protestant hero is capable of outfacing the devil at any time.

To lose a pretension for want of assurance, he reckons as scandalous a blot upon his gown, as the loss of a garrison, for want of courage, would be to a red-coat. Old Nick will never kidnap him, if he is to catch him blushing.

He gapes after vacancies as early as a campaigning whore does for dead mens cloaths in a battle; and tho', to human appearance, he loom to be a bulky heavy-ars'd Christian, yet he is perpetually attempting to leap over the heads of his brethren.

Now, one would conclude him to be a high-flyer; and the truth is, he never willingly suffers any to fly above him, passive obedience in his own
tem-

temporals, griping him worse than four wine or small beer.

He hates your low-flyers, as bad as Jews do swines-flesh; yet he's not so stiff for the towering party, as a Turk is for the Alcoran. Rather than overset himself, or be obliged to throw any of his groats over-board in bad weather, he will suffer two or three riefs of discipline to be taken in.

He never swears but in his cups, and then he does it with such an air of authority, as fully bespeaks him to have the plenipotentiary powers of an heavenly ambassador.

Tho' he guide others to heaven by the plain-failing rules of the gospel, yet he shapes his own course by the nicer rules of casuistical divinity: Hence it is, that he shall preach you in the morning about giving Cæsar his due, and the same night run commodities ashore for sale, without wronging the rule of the gospel; for Cæsar, he cries, wears no petticoats.

In fine, he's the very reverse of what he professes, and there's as great a difference betwixt the man and the priest, as betwixt the dutchess upon the stage, and her behind the scenes. He is a downright paradox, greater than any he ever learnt at the university; or, to speak all in a word, he is the devil's grand temptation, for by his openly sinning under a sanctify'd habit, he openly burlesques God Almighty.

The MASTER of a Ship of War.

IS a fellow indeed, for he's no less than Master of two vessels: But as he cannot mann both at once, he leaves the weaker behind; for she's generally

nerally so leaky, that she seldom but keeps her pump going.

His station is the meridian altitude of the lower kind of midshipmen : His mates make him the great planet of their observation ; when their exaltation is risen thus high, it is noon day with them, and they look no farther.

He is a seaman every bit of him, and can no more live any while on dry land than a lobster ; and but for that he is obliged sometimes to make a step ashore, to new-rigg, and to lay in a cargo of fresh peck and tippie, he cares not tho' he never see it.

Hence he becomes so over-seasoned with everlasting floating on salt-water, that all the land-pumps in England cannot wash off his brackishness. At every turn, you discover him by his phrases, as apparently as you can the spots of the moon with a telescope. His language is all Heathen Greek to a cobbler ; and he cannot have so much as a tooth drawn ashore, without carrying his interpreter. It is the aftmost grinder aloft, on the starboard quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering operator.

He's fuller of crabbed terms than a Moorfields conjurer, and bawls forth greater contradictions than a young sophist at Cambridge. You will hear him a thousand times cry out, *Thus, thus, it is very well thus*, when the wind is most contrary ; and he shall be sure to bid the steersmen to come no nearer, when he's farthest from his port ; nay, if you'll hearken to him, he'll swear you down, that a ship can never sail well, when her sails are in the wind. Hence you are to take him by the rule of contraries ; and when he calls for a couple of hands, be assured he means four.

D

Take

Take him in a morning fasting, and he's as dry as an old bisket; yet pour but a can of flip down his bore, and you may with ease pump every thing out of him.

Though a flip-can be his most intimate companion, he has a much greater veneration for a punch-bowl, which he hugs and salutes far oftner than he does his doxy. He esteems it his trusty friend, that's certain; for he never fails to unload all his secrets in its company; and, Lord! what a learned discourse you shall sometimes have betwixt them.

For he shall (to the wonder of ignorance) illustrate, by the mere assistance of this little comrade, an hundred pretty phænomenas, as plain as a pike-staff; he shall demonstrate to you the horizon, the tropic, the hemispheres, the flux and reflux of the sea, and a great many more admirable knowables, all within the little circle of a punch-bowl.

He has a mathematical brain, that's the truth on't; for he will draw you from thence such a number of lines, tangents, and secants, that you'd wonder how the devil his skull contained them all, without endangering his pericranium.

If he has made a trip to Jamaica, or so, he shall tell ye he has been among the antipodes, and will give you an undeniable proof of the reverse position of their feet to ours, by a louse crawling round his hat-crown.

But his talk is most upon the doctrine of the spheres, because he believes it above your sphere to comprehend him. Out he brings his Holland cheese upon this subject, and delineates you, upon that perishable globe, the zodiac, the equinoctial, the ecliptic, the colures, azimuths, and almican-
tors,

tors, and, in a word, every great and small circle, from the very zenith to the nadir of mathematical knowledge.

He fancies himself one of the first magnitude in astronomy, because he can run ye over the constellations as glibly as the points of his compass; and tho' he cannot number the stars, and call them all by their names, yet he shall speak as peremptorily about the milky-way, as if he had turned it up there in the ship *Argo*, as frequently as up our channel in a ship of war.

One so well acquainted with heaven can be no stranger to any corners upon earth, to be sure; and truly, if you'll believe him, he has seen more in his days, than ever the sun had curiosity to pry into: And so liberal is he in his cups, as to tell you all his travels without asking; but in good faith, he that can have patience to hear him out, may go trip with him all the world over, for he useth so many trifling digressions, such impertinent circumstances, and such a confounded number of repetitions, that he shall be well nigh as long in recounting as in making a voyage to the *Canaries*.

One might suspect him to be a very pious fellow, for no saint upon earth looks oftener to heaven-ward than he; and yet, God knows, he has no more sanctity than a gypsy in him.

He trusts much more to the sun for his guide, than to the Creator of it, and makes use of the stars to direct him home, as drunkards do of link-boys; and is every now and then learning his right way of *Taurus*, and such like horn'd animals, as, strangers do of shop-keepers in *London*.

He's one that's absolutely governed by the changes of the moon, and yet no Jew is more unalterable than he in his opinions; but he often

finds, that he can shape his course much better in his chart than on the ocean.

The captain trusts much more to him for a guide than to the parson; and he is not a little proud of it, inasmuch, that tho' he will grant the captain to be his superior, yet he swears himself to be a man of much better reckoning.

His charge is very extensive, for nothing aboard is to be spent without his privacy; he is ordained the impartial surveyor of all the ship's provisions; and if he fare not very well by it, he may thank his own honesty; but the purser has more cunning than to suffer any nice scruples to lie unwashed off from his conscience.

He's as kind to him as a kidnapper is to a poor country cokes, and many times makes him so giddy with good liquor, that he shall not distinguish beer from hogwash, and possibly, after a fair probation, shall allow Sir ——— to be warrantable victuals.

But his grand charge is not so much the mens bellies, as the ship's carcass, to keep her aloof from rocks, sands, and lee-shores; if he can but weather all these, he troubles not his head about weathering the enemy.

His proper elements are wind and water; the other two, of fire and metal, he leaves to those that love them: Not but that he can fight, and that very heartily too, after a lusty swig at the brandy-bottle; then enemy, or no enemy in view, he will fight him, and sink him too; but it is with the wind of his mouth only.

He'll often tell ye what a sprag he was in the days of Yore, and what a fatal thing the last Dutch war had proved, but for himself and few others. And truly if he had done as he talks, he had rare
Cuckold's

Cuckold's luck, for you shall not find one scar about him.

But now the best of his days are over, he'll tell you ; and besides, it is but an odd kind of a war (this with French), and he cannot set cordially about it ; for what a thousand pities is it to be at enmity with a country that produces so much good wine and brandy ?

But as old as he is, he's commonly a fellow of much quicksilver ; and thence it comes, perhaps, that he foretels winds and weather more precisely than the best-made barometer in Gresham college.

His phiz is the beacon to all fresh-water sailors in bad weather ; they look much more to his fiery face than to a light-house ; he's their sure card at a dead lift, and they trust to his conduct in all channel-courses, as fully as a blindman does his dog in the streets of London.

The truth is, he knows our sea-coasts as well as *a beggar does his dish*, and is acquainted with the nature and depths of all soundings but that of his wife's water-course.

Now, all this put together, must needs make him follow his nose with great boldness ; so that it is no wonder if he's more confident of his way than a Yorkshire carrier, and tells ye the bearings of Bow-steeple from Teneriff, with more assurance than the other can from Highgate.

But in good faith, he's many a time out in his accounts, tho' he had rather run upon Scilly than own it ; but own it he must, when he finds the land-fall not to jump with his reckoning ; and then he looks as fullen as a rake-hell heir, when he sees his father out-live the predictions of a twelve-penny conjurer.

The first lieutenant and he do often interfere in
D 3
their

their politicks, and they are more intent upon each other's variations, than on that of the compass; and hence it comes, that his pride often makes him wish himself in a *merchant-ship*; for there he's sure to be his own master.

If ever he makes a trip by land, it is a wonder, and there must be some storm a gathering to be sure, when he bears up to the admiralty board; all beyond that place, is *Terra incognita* to him.

He's soon equipped for his journey, for he stows all his baggage in his pockets; and as for boots and spurs, he can no more wear them than the bilbows.

But he must have his double jug, before he weighs, that's certain, because wetting of his sails will make him run the faster; so after a hearty go-down to his boon voyage, up he *hoists* himself a trip upon his jigg of a horse, and sticks as close to him with his thighs, as if he was got cross a yard-arm.

Being thus got priddy, with the reins reif'd thro' both hands, he streight *haws* them aft like mainsheets; upon which the steed makes stern-way, to his no small admiration.

But resolving to try the jade by and large, he trims all sharp, haws oft upon one rein only, and cuts with his legs and heels all weather; but, instead of running a-head, about ship goes the beast, and tosses my gentleman over-board.

But up he skips upon his legs, as manfully as a taylor upon a shop board, and finding that a horse will neither answer the helm nor his expectations, he e'en orders him back to his moorings, and streight takes a birth in the stage-coach, which always makes her way as good as she looks.

The PURSER,

IS a kind of Pythagorean philosopher, not because of his pocket-holes, for his breeches are common-well-lined, but for his many transmigrations, having lived in various regions, and rubbed through many callings, before he came to be a purser in the navy: His last metamorphosis is generally from being a poor knave in the fleet, near the Old Bailey, to be a substantial gentleman in the fleet at Spithead.

He's the man can boast, that he never purchased his preferment with money, for it was his want of it, that got him shuffled into his post, that he might clear off his debts at the sailors cost.

If he chance to be a sharp fellow, that is, in the language of people that know no better (a very cunning knave), he's sure to be mightily in the captain's books, and seldom fails of rising to be his privy-counsellor.

Whenever he and his commander meet in a friendly conjunction, it portends the ruin of the common crew, more infallibly than the conjunction of his wife with some wapping tar, does that of his reputation.

He and the hogs are sure never to want, for they take the meat from other mens bellies: Many a sailor, that had a carcass as burly as a captain's, falling into his clutches, have been reduced to a horseman's weight, and under.

He's the most excellent alchymist in nature, for he can transmute rotten pease, and musty oat-meal, into pure gold and silver, with very little expence in the operation; for when, in a homeward bound
voyage,

voyage, the provisions are grown as rotten as his carcass, he gets his friend the captain to put the whole crew to full allowance, though no thinking creature, but his hogs, will devour it : Sheep, as simple as they are, have sense enough to refuse it.

In him miracles are not ceased, for he oft-times turns water into wine, and wine into water, with one mere *fiat* to his steward ; but all this is no great wonder, in a man that has to do with the devil.

The king advanceth him the ready penny, to purchase wine abroad for the service of the ship's company, but they get but a sorry share of it, and that adulterated into the bargain. Hence the poor souls, to support nature, are obliged, by anticipation, to spend their pay upon the very wine that was assigned them at the price of ship-beer.

The worse liquor he keeps, the more he brews his own profit ; he shall draw more gain from wretched gripe-gut stuff, in one forenoon, than a dozen ale-wives from all their taps, on a day of thanksgiving.

He's far from that laudable practice of courting his customers with Sunday-dinners, because the less they drink, the more he reckons himself obliged to them.

He allows salt flesh meat to be a damned tipling scurvy diet, and would fain have it changed into wholesome pease and burgoo, for the benefit of the sailors ; but, in good faith, it is only his own bags that would thrive by the project, he getting more by one pannian-day than many others.

It burns him to the very soul, to see one candle blaze above ordinary, and oft makes him cry out in the words of the collect, *Lighten our darkneſs, good Lord!* which is all the prayer that he makes
use

use of ; and truly he needs none, for all the ship's company daily pray for him, but they pray as they row, backwards.

One would think him of a very preposterous constitution, for he keeps his tallow best in summer, and melts down to nothing in winter seasons. He hates great fires worse than great frosts, and wonders what the devil we are made of aboard, that good punch cannot warm us enough without his charcoal.

Tho' his courage be as little as his honesty, yet he sometimes prays for a warm brush, or so, to help him to firewood ; for fighting costs him nothing.

He is lodged so far under water, that a bullet must be sent by a particular providence, if it reach him. Thus, while others battle it aloft, he sits as snug as a bee in a box, making his honey ; for all those that drop in the engagement, are sure to die debtors.

He is as much alarmed in a storm, as the chaplain ; and tho' many will tell him, for his consolation, that he has a hanging look, yet he still persuades himself, that the devil can turn a man's destiny.

If ever he be good, it must be plaguy bad weather ; and as all violent changes are short, his honesty and the storm blow over together.

He whores with moderation for conscience sake, for a sound clap and a bad conscience never agree together ; small beer being the doctor's receipt for the one, and a bowl of punch for the other.

His steward and he often compare notes together, and the bottom of their accounts jump as like as the devil is to the collier. The truth is, were it not for this under-rogué, and his superiors,
he

he would be a very rich fellow; but the poor slave is so squeezed on the one hand and the other, that he has but just substance enough left to satisfy the ordinary lusts of nature; for Old Nick takes care he buys no land with his money.

He is a rare fellow for giving a bad captain a good word; and prays as heartily for the continuance of easy heedless commanders, as Deal men do for storms and thick weather; for an honest officer will make him so too, and that, alack! will be his ruin.

Next to himself, there is no man living he has so great a value for, as the clerk of the check, whom he generally calls his father; and well he may, for the knave is as like him, as a shoplifter is like a thief.

He procrastinates his accounts with the navy-board, just as he does with heaven; he refers all to his death-bed, and then he thinks to bilk both the king and God Almighty; But if ever he do, he will cheat the devil most confoundedly, and leave an everlasting consolation to all excisemen, stockjobbers, and petty-foggers, who, after him need never fear going to heaven in a string.

The SURGEON,

IS your old acquaintance, the Barber, that has stept from the demolishing of beards, to the practice of more sanguine operations.

The common crew call him the physicioner of the ship; that is to say, the scavenger, that cleanseth away all the dirt and nastiness that lies in the channels of mens bodies, and that proves offensive to human nature.

He

He is generally reputed a man of letters, for Dr. T——r and he studied both at the same university; but his practice differs very much from that learned doctor's, for he loved to keep men in everlasting blindness.

To define him precisely, he's no downright Paracelsian, Galenist, nor operator, but a hodge-podge of all together. He's no Digbean virtuoso, that's certain, for he knows not how to sympathise with any man's wounds whatever.

If he has a smattering in chemistry, he is a topping spark indeed, and gabbles about the intrials of nature, like any heathen philosopher: But of all his knowables, *Alkali* and *Acid* he esteems to be the very *Ne plus ultra* of physical discoveries.

The mystery of his art and science, consists in a long list of fustian words and phrases, whose true sense he is more puzzl'd to lay, than to anatomize the body of a fat capon: And as for his performance upon legs and arms, he does it after a way, 'tis true; but, betwixt you and me, the slaughter-house on Tower-hill, would scarce grant him there journeyman's wages.

He's too lazy and proud to visit common sailors; and they are not sick enough, he thinks, who are able to come and tell him their ailments. And hence 'tis plain, that he may with justice boast, that very few die under his hands, which is as much as Ratcliff himself cou'd pretend to.

The poorest patients are sure to fare best where he is, because he leaves them to nature, the less dangerous doctor of the two. But an officer with a purse, must be sure to part with it, as a badger with his stones, if ever he hopes to bring off his carcass.

He's unalterably convinc'd, that almost all our
dis-

distempers proceed from an over repletion ; and therefore his first intention in all cures, is, to empty your pockets, which strikes at the very root of all intemperance.

He does not so much lay claim to the learning, as the title of a doctor ; for he values himself mostly upon the tender touches of his hand in operations : And truly, those that try him, generally acknowledge his legerdemain to be singular, for he shall conjure forth your gold, without once touching the purse strings.

Sometimes his captain, being disabled by some unlucky shot'twixt wind and water, repairs to him for a resitment ; but, to his greater misfortune, he brings his mainmast by the board, in laying him upon the careen ; and then ten to one but Lucifer gets him for firewood soon after.

The chaplain and he are oft chopping logick together upon the quarter-deck, to the astonishment of the gaping by-standers ; and tho' they differ like two empiricks in their opinions, they jump in this, they both thrive most by our vices ; the old bawd befriending the one, as much as Old Nick does the other ; experience teaching us every day, that one pocky whore brings the surgeon more grist in, than a thousand French cannon.

Next to whores, punch is his best friend, that being an approv'd fomentor of blood and wounds, which brings him in many more crown-pieces, than ever he had from his father.

His tools are of various sorts and sizes ; his best he always carries in his breeches ; and the most of these are of silver, that's certain, for there's no probing a man well, he thinks, with viler metal. He's as proud of these, as a Highlander is of a pair of bagpipes, yet he's somewhat prouder of that
long

long tool of his, that hangs without board, which, tho' purposely forg'd for the destruction of flesh and blood, it does the least harm of any other.

He seldom rails against any of his fraternity, for he thinks it very imprudent to dissect the disabilities of his brother; nay, he will frankly own every one but himself to be the second best artist in the navy.

His pots bear proportion to the size of his shop, which is near the dimensions of an over-grown sea-chest; but how small soever his stock be, 'tis more than enough for his practice, for he needs not a salve for every sore.

He adjusts his prescriptions, as a country shoemaker does his lasts; he makes one and the same recipe serve to an hundred various tempers and circumstances: For there's no standing upon niceties, he cries, with fellows that have the constitution of a horse.

He's not much guilty of feeling his own pulse, or following the measures he prescribes to others. There's no bolus to him comparable to a new-laid egg, nor no julap like to a glass of true honest claret; so that if others made no more use of his stink-pots than he does himself, he might conserve all his medicines till dooms-day.

His business at home is nothing, for no prophet is admir'd in his own country: But he does wonders in Portugal and Spain, for with Catholic faith he can do any thing.

'Tis an insufferable bold intrusion, for any to cast an eye into his compositions; and yet he's sure to have an oar in other mens concerns. You'd wonder to hear him sometimes, for 'tis hard to tell whether he or a storm, possesses the ignorant most with fear; so diffident is he of the quarter-deck's sufficiency in bad weather.

E

He's

He's oft and many a time teasing the poor master with impertinent queries, and will be offering to rectify him in fogs and bad weather. He determines where ye are by the temperature of the air, and is confident, he can hit the channel in a homeward-bound voyage, as easily as the joint of a finger.

He's not very backward in propagating his science, for a simple pocky swabber, he shall, by due gradations from the mystery of loblolly-making, to that of a clyster, swell him up to a journeyman doctor, provided always, that the swab consign him over his wages for his labour.

Such as these are hands to perform his medicinal wonders with; these bring him the accounts of the sick, and their distempers, and wait his responses, which he gives them streight in the turning of a pebble; not with the double-fac'd ambiguity of the oracles of old, but hab nab, and as boldly as if he had just come himself from searching their intrails with a lighted candle.

He's equally proud of being thought a Medicus, and an atheist, and yet the fool seems to rely on somewhat above his own providence; for he lives from hand to mouth, and leaves the morrow to take care for itself.

Being very intimate with people's secrets, he makes very free with their tables too, and thinks no cordial is comparable to an eleemosinary dinner.

In the region he inhabits, he's pretty well sconced against bullets, and all perils, but that of sinking: And truly storms and bad reckonings give him sometimes such deadly apprehensions, that you may even smell them sometimes to leeward of ye.

This infernal region of his, he calls the cockpit; and

and well it may, for there he has slain many a game-cock in his time. 'Tis a bloody place, that's the truth on't, and dark enough to hide all his miscarriages.

Here the Purser and he set up their horses together, because the latter he knows never wants provender; here they carouse, to the destruction of all mortified limbs, and empty bellies; and are two such faithful cronies, that they never flinch, but fairly drop down by each other.

He trusts much to the continuance of the war, but more to his own impudence; by the help of which, and a twelve-month's pay, you may chance to find him elevated on a stage on Tower-hill, when the peace is concluded.

In fine, one would conclude him a rank knave, because none in the ship desire to have dealings with him; but however he may be thought in his own days, posterity is infinitely beholden to him, being the chiefest man in his generation, that makes elbow-room for another.

The GUNNER,

IS commonly a spawn of the captain's own pro-
jection; he was originally his footboy, and from thence, step by step, mounted to be his steward; in which station having acquitted himself with singular sharpness, his Creator rewarded him with this lazy office of a Gunner, which was the mark he always aim'd at.

He commonly has as little occasion to exercise his art, as he desires, and I dare say, he desires never to have any; not that gun-powder stinks so very abominably in his nostrils, rather he loves

clearly to hear his guns speak, provided it be not against an enemy.

He loves the king's birth-day most loyally, and wisheth he had twenty every year; for those are the lucky times, when he cheats his majesty most zealously.

He commemorates gun-powder treason, with a treason upon gun-powder; for he defaults his guns so exorbitantly, that a tar, after a hearty meal of peace, shall make his bum rattle a thanksgiving peal much louder than his cannons. But what's wanting in his guns, is made up in his cups which are sure to have full measure.

Hence it comes, that the longer practioner he is, you find him make the worse fires, still coming shorter of his due length; and there is no getting him to mend his hand, for should he give guns their due load, it would break him.

If you'll credit his oath or testimony, his captain must needs be a plaguy bloody fellow, for he's sure to make him expend, in his accompts, more powder and ball in every trifling cruize, than was blown away at the battle of Hockstedt.

One would wonder why he, of all men, should want a gold medal, for his services; for he husbands the king's stores to admiration, a thousand times converting into solid gold, what his fiery superior had order'd to be turn'd into nought but smoak and thunder.

All ships are alike to him, excepting channel-cruizers, which are superlatively the best for his purpose, not because they fight most, but clean oftenest; and every time she docks, he is sure to sweep fifty pounds at least into his pocket, besides his pay and prize money.

Many a boat-load of smuggled ware has he popt forth

forth at his gun-room ports, while the rogue the tide-waiter, voluntarily trick'd into a game at all-fours, is at the other end of the ship, or is laid along upon some chest, knock'd down by an unmerciful bowl of punch or two.

As heavy as his guns are, they are certainly more active than he is, and do the king fifty times more service ; for his grand amusement is eating and drinking ; his sleeps are moderate enough, just to suffice nature, and make him ready for a fresh attack : Were it not for these, he would be a lost man, for his mates do all his other business for him.

Hence he has but very little to do, if he do honestly ; but this is as impossible with him, as to hit the moon with a cannon-shot : 'Tis an uncomatable mark, that's certain, for he can no more abstain from suttlng on board, and running goods ashore, than he can refrain from talking bawdy in modest company.

No officer, but his captain, is accommodated like him ; he challengeth the gun-room, as his hereditary estate, where he struts about like any crow in a gutter ; and it's not for want of pride, but courage, if he allow any man living the right-hand within his district.

His people, as he calls them, obey him like slaves, and yet every one besides himself, must call them gentlemen gunners within his territories, where he's a little king in his own conceit, and may pass for a great one in the opinion of others ; for he makes more new lords and ladies in one twelve-month, within his confines, than any one prince in Christendom.

He ruleth by the sword, like any usurper ; nay, and so horrid a tyrant is he, as to keep it ever unsheath'd,

sheath'd, and never lets it rust, or lie dormant in a scabbard.

This is his sword of state, which never goes forth of his dominions ; but he wears another on shore, more by the instigations of his wife, than his own heart ; for he has predetermin'd never to draw it in anger ; 'tis no matter therefore what the blade is, so the hilt be a good one, and truly it is as good as silver can make it.

When he has this swagging by his quarter, and his bob wig tied up behind like a horse-tail, he's then a gentleman all over in his own conceit ; tho' heaven knows the vain fool's no more like one, than a barber's pole is like a whipping-post.

The CARPENTER,

IS a tool the captain makes use of to cut the king's timber to his own service.

Tho' he be generally but a rough hewn fellow, yet he values himself upon a well built hull ; and as for his intellects, they are much about the same model with the master's, for he has little more of the mathematicks, than the boatswain.

He's an honest subject, that's certain, for he's far more careful about keeping the king's ship tight than his own fly-boat ; and though he be but, as it were, one of the lower bends of a man of war, yet 'tis well known she cannot swim safely without him.

His business lies mainly in unforeseen jobs, which is always perform'd by his underlings ; from whence one may reasonably infer, that he's himself no workman ; the truth is, he's but a wooden artist at the best, and a tinker may justly take the wall
of

of him, for he makes all his vessels tight without either pitch or oakum.

His stomach must needs be sharper than his ax, for he whets the one every morning duly, and the other perhaps but once a quarter; no wonder then, if the keenest rids the most work, for he eats at a breakfast, more than will counterpoize his whole day's labour.

How idle soever he be himself, he keeps so strict a hand over his crew, that he won't suffer them to make one holy-day; yet, in spite of all his bluster, they will sometimes (oh wonderful!) make half a dozen in one morning.

One would not suspect him, by his phiz, for a politician, and yet 'tis thought he employs as many tools in the king's service, as both our state-secretaries; and like a true master of that science, he makes loggerheads to be of as much use as blades of keener metal.

But what shews him really to be something of a state-fox, is, his setting a value upon all his doings; for he never lifts his hand to any work, but you are sure to hear on't, being the most noisy fellow living, in all his undertakings.

He's the only fellow on board, that professes to do every thing by rule and measure, and yet he has his flaws, as well as others: He can spy out the faults in the structure of a boat, sooner than those of himself; and shall bring ye to rights, a warp'd piece of plank, with far more facility than his own crooked manners.

But after all, he has generally the least bundle of pride of all the other officers; whereas one would think he should have the most of any, as being one of the most trusty timbers of the commonwealth; for without the Carpenter, the navy would

would sink, and carry down the kingdom along with it.

You rarely hear him thunder and swear like the boatswain, perhaps, because he has far less occasion: He will own himself to be a frail piece of workmanship, but he'll tell ye withal, that he would not be so daringly impious as some on board are, for all the wood in Chatham.

He knows the cube root perfectly well, but does not pretend to gauging; and thence, perhaps, it comes, and he's so often out of measure in his drinking; but yet most people deem him a sober fellow, because strong liquor never oversets him.

He cannot but pity the surgeon's simplicity, for calling himself the ship's doctor, when all the world knows, that none but the Carpenter looks to her wounds, and cures all her ailments: And truly he is a most admirable operator; he will knit ye fast a broken rib in a morning fasting, and fix ye a couple of new knees, when the old ones are shot to the devil, and the ship, the very next hour after, shall run ye as fast as ever; but what's the most strange of all things, he shall make her swim from one end of the world to the other, with her head as clean cut off as St. Patrick's, and without one grain of miracle in't. What puzzles him most, are shots 'twixt wind and water, which oft prove as fatal to the ship, as a lost maidenhead to a virgin.

He's married, as well as his brother Warrants, that's to be sure, and his honest neighbours tell him, for his comfort, that he has got a good one; but he that measures every thing by inches, is fully convinced, that she's a daughter of Eve, and that all women are chips of the same block.

He might pass for a saint among the godly, that
know

know no better, because he gives out to be always a-mending; but his wife, that knows him best of any, will often tell him, that the longer he lives, he's the worser man: And alas, how should it be otherwise, for he is not harder than cold iron, and his hardest tools are the worse for wearing.

Yet in good faith, he's a knotty piece of timber, and the more you soak him, the tougher he grows, insomuch, that the sharpest means then won't work him to any thing.

The days of fair weather are halcyon days to him; but storms and tempests put him upon double duty, having both the king's ship and his own soul to take care of; but the last task is soon whipt over, for after a hearty ejaculation or two, with a short breakfast upon the crumbs of comfort, well settled down with a humming stroke at the brandy-bottle, fortifies him in an instant against all weather.

In fine, he's one that in his own person has but little more to do than the gunner; and provided the season be not over stormy, he may sing a *quietus* to his bones all the summer.

The only cross he dreads most, is a cross-grain'd wind, when at sea, for that runs him out in his cargo of belly-timber; and then the Lord help him, for he shall look as dead as a fish deserted by the sea, and gape and yawn at every turn, like an oyster; but home he gets at last, and so gives over dreaming at night of flip and tobacco.

The BOATSWAIN,

IS a kind of a Jack with a box, for let him but whistle once, and you have a hundred or more

more Cartesian puppets, pop up upon deck, and run about, and streight disappear again in an instant.

It is not so much his fine silver-call, as the illustrious chain that it hangs by, that is the distinguishing badge of his post, and which he's as proud of as my Lord Mayor is of his, and prouder.

But this is allowed him for ornament only, as you do bells about the neck of a fore-horse: His badge of power, is his bamboo, which, tho' tip'd with simple twine-thread, is venerated like the battoon of a general; and truly it does soldier-like execution, having maul'd more white-coats, than ever fell at the battle of Blenheim.

This small stick of his, has wonderful virtues in it, and seems little inferior to the rod of Moses, of miraculous memory; it has cured more of the scurvy, than the doctor, and made many a poor cripple take up his bed, and walk; sometimes it makes the lame to skip, and run up the shrouds like a monkey; but what's most wonderful, it makes heavy-ars'd fellows tumble up from below, contrary to the tendency of all heavy bodies, which tumble downward.

He distributes his drubs with the same equity that the captain does his favours; for when he calls for men from below, and calls more than once, he's sure to beat the first and readiest that comes up, whilst the hulkers, that lag behind, always save their bacon.

But he's then most terrible in the captain's presence; let Jove but say the word, and streight he begins to execute his judgments, darting his rattan thunderbolt *alle volles*, at the case-hardened sculls of the quaking failors.

And yet this same tool of his, is but a mere sugar-

sugar-candy stick, in comparison to his cat of nine-tails. Cerberus is not more dreadful to the dead, than this cat is to the living ; but indeed she's never let loose, but by order of the commander, who many a time slashes a man, out of the same itch of fancy that he eats a woman.

But were his call, stick, and cat too, all thrown over-board, he yet would distinguish himself by his throat ; for no ass in Christendom brays like himself ; he varies his notes to the occasion, and sometimes it is so unaccountably terrible, that the poor simple sort of tars will run from it, like country dogs from the horn of a sow gelder.

But a thorough-pac'd sailor makes a large allowance between his tongue and his stick ; oaths and horrid threats, are but wind, they cry, and they value no such puffs, if they can but weather a beating.

'Tis that right hand of his, that gets him doubly more than what his settled pay amounts to ; for almost a third of the ship's crew are more or less in fee with him, making their purses compound for their heads and shoulders.

The truth is, he is a terrible scarce-crow to all but those that are in fee with him, and they seem to dread him worse than hell ; for they will sometimes give each other to the devil, but never are they once so wicked in their anger, as to wish the Boatswain may take him into his clutches.

He's a damned thundering fellow, that's certain, and oft gives the purser a fair pretext for his bad beer, alledging, that the Boatswain sowers it with his bellowing.

He's as noisy about trifles as the lieutenant, and it much better becomes him ; he shall roar forth death and destruction about the hoisting of a water-cask,

ter-cask, and makes as much clamour about the dropping of a dog's-turd, as the falling of a top-mast.

He may boast with Cæsar, that he can call every man by his name, for he dignifies all his umbras with the title of dog, rogue, or rascal; and they will answer to it more readily, than if he gave them more Christian epithets.

He has a thousand pretty phrases and expressions, pickt up at Billingsgate, and elsewhere, which he never sends abroad without bedecking them with all the embroider'd oaths and curses that can be had for love or money.

His drinking much flip, makes him woundy subject to the vapours; vex him then, and he shall swell and sputter like a roasted apple, and you can no more handle him, than hot cockles.

He has wit in his liquor, that's certain, for tho' he's often tipsy, it's at other mens cost. He loveth frugality like pease-pudding, and hoards up his pence as farmers do muck, to better his copy-hold when the season offers. Money, he tells ye, will purchase better than a winding-tackle, and is able to hoist the heaviest dunce in the fleet, to the top mast-head of preferment.

He's a great admirer of good chear, and being a very near neighbour to the cook-room, there's nothing of good can come there, but he smells it out immediately, and it will go plaguy hard, if he miss a snack of it.

He measures his prosperity by the dimensions of his corps, and his hopes of preferment swell in proportion to his belly. A burly carcass he believes a grand qualification, and the best recommender to a commission. A lean body in a captain, he thinks as ugly as a lean quarter in a sheep;

and

and he cannot comprehend that foolish saying,
A tall man in a little body.

He takes impudence to be a true token of inward courage, and sauciness the proper right of a free-born Englishman; and 'tis much easier breaking his head, than breaking him of either.

He has pride enough to qualify him for a captain, and often persuades himself he shall be one, because worse Boatswains than he have come to be so before him.

He fancies himself the only best sailor in the ship, and would have you believe, that she had perish'd a hundred times, had he been from her; not but that he'll allow his superiors on board, to be tolerably good navigators, and so forth. But alas! they want the main point; for shew me the gentleman, cries he, that can knot or splice, or make a pudding as it should be?

The plain truth is, he's a rare fellow in his way, and a very Busby in all sea-language; but rigging is his master piece, he shall cast ye a knot, whip stitch, in a twinkling, as intricate as the Gordian one; and for a running noose, this new Ketch is but a fool to him.

He mortally hates your gentlemen volunteers; 'tis barbarous, he cries, to have the bread thus pick'd from our mouths by little Tom Estenors; and wonders why they'll be such blockheads to expose themselves to seas and bullets, when they may suck their paws at home in a whole skin.

He merits a like commendation with the wise steward in the gospel, and yet after all, he will tell ye, he's as honest a man as any in the navy, disparagement to no man.

Peruse his expence-books, and you'd wonder how the devil the ship got safe home; for he makes

more expences of ropes and canvas in one summer's expedition, than a whole East-Indian fleet in two twelve-months. But all must be right and just, that's certain, for the captain has set his hand to the truth of it.

He must certainly believe there can be no such thing as hell-fire under salt-water, else he would never be giving himself so oft as he does to the devil; but how frequently soever he damns himself, he is sure to damn others much oftner. In short, he's a fellow that will throw away ten times more oaths and strokes in hoisting out a barge, than in boarding an enemy.

But, zounds, he'll cry, what would you have me do? A man without noise, is a thing without a soul, and fit for nothing but a pissing-post. And yet, after all his sputter and din, let him but once reach the mark he aims at, of being Boatswain to a first rate ship, and he shall streight give out, and become as lazy as an old pensioner.

A SEA-COOK,

HAS been an able fellow in the last war, and had been so in this too, but for a scurvy bullet at La Hogue, that shot away one of his limbs, and so cut him out for a Sea-Cook. But how disabl'd soever he be himself, his mate is a rare stick of wood for a furnace.

The captain's cook and he, are opposites, as well in their practice as in their habitations, and seldom or never make incursions into each other's provinces.

His knowledge extends not to half a dozen dishes; but he's so pretty a fellow at what he undertakes,

dertakes, that the bare sight of his cookery gives you a belly-full.

He cooks by the hour glass, as the parsons preach sermons; and will no more surpass one puncto of time, than a scrupulous virtuoso in the concoction of his stomach, or an alchymist in the cooking of his grand elixir.

All his science is contained within the cover of a sea-kettle. The composing of a minc'd-pye, is metaphysicks to him; and the roasting of a pig as puzzling as the squaring of a circle.

Not but that he has an admirable hand in squeezing of silver from beef-fat; which he does with as much dexterity as a quack does gold from a dog's turd; and tho' the extraction be very gross, it's yet so well refined, that it does not, in the least, smell of the kettle.

He has sent the fellow at housand times to the devil, that first invented lobscouse; but, for that lewd way of wasting grease, he had grown as fat in purse as a Portsmouth alderman, and made his son seven years ago a down-right gentleman.

He's never so hungry as to lick his own fingers, nor such a fool, as to wipe them on his breeches; but he sweeps off the luscious stuff as cleverly as a dairy-maid does her butter, and firkins it too up as carefully.

The purser (when at a low ebb for butter) helps out his stock by a dexterous mixture with the cook's ware; and as for candles, he can never be in the dark, so long as the cook has any fat about him, with which he makes lights to lighten the gentiles, to the glory of his saving invention.

Tho' salt water's the element that supports him, yet he can no more live without fire, than a salamander: Were this once extinguished, Old Nick

and he might return to *terra firma*, and go a grazing for a subsistence.

He's an excellent mess-mate for a bear, being the only two-legg'd brute that lives by his own grease; but tho' he be no lean scab, yet he's very rarely purfy; and no wonder, for there's near as much stuff drops from his carcase every day, as would tallow the ship's bottom.

Most people imagine him a very lousy animal, and yet he's as little molested with that vermin as a duchess; for that roving tribe being naturally, as soon as they can but creep, inclined to travel, are sure to meet with such fat entertainment in the adjacent territories of his tattered apparel, that, like prudent Caledonians, they never once return again to their native country.

Tho' he's born within the pale of the church, few would think him a Christian, he's so wholly given over to the works of the devil; for Lucifer himself can never be more busy than he every day in burning, boiling, and broiling. The real truth is, any one would guess him to have been a seven years apprentice to the prince of darkness; for he is never without a pair of tormentors in his hand, and the devil in his mouth, and his phiz so everlastingly reeking with sweat and grease, as if he was come just piping hot from Old Nick's kitchen.

If ever he prays, 'tis in a morning fasting, and that is to some tag-rag, to fetch him a little ship-beer; for his tongue and palate are so parched, as if he had been all night bed-fellow with Dives. Truly, one so eternally toasting before the fire, must needs be very crusty.

Though he wants cooling breezes the most of any, he had rather have one bottle of brandy than

a ship-load of Stamford air at any time. He sucks in smoak like a Virginia planter, and is every morning hanging his head over the unctious steams of the caldron, as the wits at Will's do over coffee ; which circulating round his cranium, limbecks out at his nose again, to the great refreshment of his understanding.

Tho' he never wears gloves, his hands are as white as his forehead ; yet his chin is very often clearer than either, for he is shav'd once a moon, to be sure ; and then his face looks like the lady Luna indeed, in her first quarter, the lower hemisphere of his phiz looking as bright as a clean-scoured frying-pan, or the posteriors of a scalded hog, or whiter. But as for the rest of him, he's all of a piece ; the very sight of him is a breakfast to a hungry soldier, and his smell as good as *assa-fetida* to a girl in fits of the mother.

In fine, he's so everlastingly encompass'd with smoak, and his face so caked over with soot, that —. But hold, adds death, the rogue, with his green billets, has raised such a funk in the fore-castle, that the devil himself cannot stay to draw him longer ; yet he that has seen the one, may easily know the other, when he meets him, Old Nick and a Sea-Cook being far more alike than a collier—.

A MIDSHIP-MAN,

IS the first rate line in a ship towards the top-mast-head of preferment ; for all admirals, as well as captains, are obliged to begin their rise here.

The quarter-deck is his ordinary station, which

in a winter's night he traverses, hank for hank, a thousand times over in a watch, without losing one inch by leeway, provided he be not over-loaden.

'Tis hard to say, upon a moderate gale, whether he or the ship go fastest. When the bell once rings, his cruise is over, and he comes to an anchor in Sot-Bay, to re-water.

As he has more grains of understanding than a common sailor, he's allowed more pounds of cash for it; and yet, at the year's end, there is not a pin to chuse betwixt their purses; for he always lives up to the dignity of his character.

He will have no familiarity with any liquor below ship, and contemns every thing that's underlinsey-wolsey. He will have a whore of fashion, tho' he pay for it; and he's sure to pay for it indeed, for silk-petticoats are not to be had for the uptaking.

He enjoys more variety of females, than the Grand Seignior; for from Japan to Mexico is his seraglio; but generally, after he has tried all things, he takes up at last with the old rule, and holds fast to that which is good; and truly he rarely fails of being clinch'd to the best in Christendom.

Though he be elevated in preferment, quarter-deck height above a foremast-man, yet, to balance accounts, (as all sublunary things are disposed by weight and measure) he's one half of his days depress'd under the others feet, being birth'd in that infernal-cell, the orlop, where he that can chuse to live contentedly, need never trouble his head what lodgings are chalk'd out for him in the other world.

He distinguishes himself on a clear day, by carrying

rying a fore-staff; which, tho' not the tenth part so long as a Tom T——man's pole, he's yet ten times prouder of it. With this he fancies he does wonders; when, God knows, it amounts to no more but only to solve that simple question, *Where are we?* which every child in London can tell you.

Tho' he commonly passes for a very lewd spark, yet he's every now and then correcting his course. He must needs be a fellow of sure footing; for so diffident is he of his ways, that he won't trust his own eyes, even at noon-day, but when the sun shines.

But tho' he's more beholden to Sol than a quaker to his inward light, he is yet so ungrateful, ill-bred a pimp, as constantly to turn his arse upon that glorious benefactor then, when he most of all befriends him.

He's elevated as high as Flamstead, in his own conceit, and is oftentimes shewing you a sample of his ingenuity. He can prove the purser a rogue by Gunter's scale, and compose a bowl of punch by the rules of trigonometry. There is no controversy but he determines with fractions; and is very often teaching common dunces the rules of division, at his own cost.

But he values himself most upon keeping a judicious account of the ship's way. If his reckoning in a long voyage, jump with his land-fall, he's as exalted a poor rogue, as that old mathematical conjurer, with his oureke, oureke; and you may cut his stones from him at that moment, without any perception.

But, besides these labours of his pen and brain, he keeps a record of all accidents worth observation; and to be sure, all his are weighty notices,
when.

when he entitles change of winds and weather, remarkable occurrences.

He's weather-wise enough to foresee winds and bad weather, but is never so wise as to lay up for a rainy day; and thence it comes, that he seldom has his coat cut to his cloth, which occasions him often times to go without a pocket: But to rectify this want, which is his aversion, he turns his furtout into a lousy jacket, which turns him afore the mast directly; for to walk the quarter-deck in *querpo*, is to walk against the rules of the navy.

He can no more be without chalk than an alewife; and, like her too, is every day given to double-dealing; for every twelve he shall count twenty-four, and impudently swear you down, that it is no false reckoning.

He's one that sometimes passes under the discipline of the cane or fift; that is, whenever he is guilty of that great sin of omission, of not giving timely notice of the captain's going from, or coming into the ship. One or two rubbers for such a horrid negligence, makes him ever after look as sharp out to all boats, as constables to the vizard-masks at the play-house.

His backward stars, and bad weather, puts him often upon cursing his ill-made choice; and yet his best friends are apt to tell him, that if he had not tumbled into a ship, he had long ago dropt from the gallows.

The best of this order, is commonly the worst in the order. Formerly he had not his fellow; and being tickled on by the gentle spur of ambition, performed many pretty actions, and little works of supererogation, till finding, at length, that kissing went all by favour, he e'en paul'd cap-
ston,

ston, and turn'd a sociable sot, like the rest of his brethren.

The CAPTAIN'S STEWARD,

IS one that will grow as four as the very wine he sells, to find himself plac'd at the fag-end of a midshipman; for he's some inches above him in his own conceit.

He values himself upon the reputation of being a sharp fellow, and of turning every thing he fingers into gold. He's a great virtuoso, that's certain, for he has been for many years a close student in both universities of Newgate and the Gatehouse; and having at last pass'd his probation at the Old Baily, was, *nemine contradicente*, adjudged a qualified person for any of his majesty's plantations; but considering the present juncture, and the great need that Europe might have of him, he came to have the navy assign'd him for his portion. This is his origin, which soon springs up to an envied grandeur; for the captain usually casting his eye upon him, and perceiving him, by I know not what private planetary marks, to be an engine, form'd as it were by providence, for his use, immediately puts him upon probationary essays; and finding him answer to a t— all the lines of his phiz, he establishes him his steward directly.

Having thus wrigg'l'd himself into his captain's good graces, he endeavours to fix them, by following his leader in all his paces; which he does so exactly, that in less than a twelvemonth he obtains that garland of praise, *Like master, like man*.

Various are the parts his charge consists of; but the

The chiefeft branch is running of goods, and ruining of failors : For thefe, and other fuch like valuable fervices, the king is made debtor to him midfhipman's pay, with a farther promife of a purfer or gunner's warrant, if not a commiffion.

But he's too ftaunch a knave to trust to vain hopes and fair promifes ; fo he takes care to make hay while the fun fhines, and fhuffles and cuts with every one that has to do with him.

He's indeed his captain's right-hand, where-with he performs all his fleights ; and can no more be without him, than a bawdy-houfe without a pimp, or a fhip without a long-boat.

He's a fmart fellow at common arithmetick, and fhall multiply ye pounds and fhillings, without fetting pen to paper. He pretends to no fpherical problems, yet has mathematical magick enough to raife himfelf above the world, by the fingle rotation of a penny.

He has the beft and quickeft draught for liquors, of all the other futlers ; for the tars like beft to fhelter themfelves under the fhadow of his wings, becaufe they know well, that their captain's to be found at the bottom of his accounts.

Tho' he drinks his mafter's health moft of any, he's the readieft man living to make him fick with good liquor. 'Tis a fortunate day indeed, if he gets him dead drunk, for then is the critical minute to nick him.

His mafter does oftentimes feel the rogue bite, and is ready to stab him for it ; but he ftands ftill, upon his guard with that two-edg'd cutter, *I do by you as you do by the king ; and fo fhake hands, brother.*

He makes a great difference betwixt knaves and knaves ; a knave of fense, is a man of repute, but

a downright knave is a rogue without any consideration. Hence it is, that however he tricks his captain in other things, his plate and dishes are every day forthcoming, for he's resolved never to be a rogue where he's sure to pay for it.

He would make an excellent tide-waiter to a custom-house, for he has bubbled so many of them himself, that—; but he's gone—. The captain's bell calls him to usher in the apple-dumplings, so let us e'en turn about, and view honest Jack the sailor.

A SAILOR,

IS a sharp blade indeed, if kept whetted with good diet; but bad usage makes him as dull and useless as an old razor.

The better sailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himself like a sheet-anchor, to be reserved for desperate occasions; but his laziness does not so much proceed from his disposition as his disgust, for he has been an active pretty fellow, and would be so still, were he but fairly dealt with; but, a pox on't, cries he, the useful cur's made to turn the spit, while my lady's lap-dog runs away with the roast-meat.

He troubles not his head with old or new stiles, but measures his span of life by the moon, and wonders at the simplicity of Partridge, and the rest of them, that stint our years only to twelve months. The king (God bless him!) is the only almanack-maker for his money, who honestly stretches them out to a baker's dozen.

His first labour in a morning, is to haul open his eye-lids, for it costs him many a rub with his
paws,

paws, before he can make his top-lights to shine clearly : After this, and a few hearty yawns, he crawls up upon deck, to the piss-dale, where, while he manages his whip-staff with one hand, he scratches his poop with the other, and gaping all the while aloft at the vane; if he finds it blow fair, he furls his brows, and curses it's inconstancy most heartily; for there's no voyage to him like that of riding at anchor wind-bound. He loves short voyages, as he does short prayers, and it is hard to say which of the two he makes oftenest.

He had rather run upon the Goodwin, than run to Jamaica; and believes there is no cross like the crossing the equinoctial; for let the old sophists dream as they please of torrid zones, for his part, he has always found there very cold comfort.

And hence it is, perhaps, he creeps so near the sun in those regions, for he's sure to sleep mast-height above his wonted habitation.

He has a wife, that's certain, tho' he has least occasion of any man living for one, for he has every thing made and dress'd to his hand; and he that cannot be his own laundress is no sailor.

But marry he must, because his forefathers did so before him, and seldom does he miss of an admirable breeder; for after the wedding-night, he may put up his tools, and be gone, for he shall be sure to find her cackling, tho' he come not home till three years after.

When salt water separates them, they prove as good as an annuity to the post-office; for tho' she can write no more than a mermaid, yet by the help of some twopenny scribbler, she will always return him a Rowland for his Oliver.

Their epistiles run all in the same tone, *Know*
one,

one, know all; and truly it's worth your while to read one of them, which you may do without breaking up either seals or secrets; for 'tis the same old song of *stark love and kindness*, which they have pip'd to each other these many years, and all lock'd up under a piece of black pitch or rosin.

His whole trust is on the wind and sea, that are as inconstant and treacherous as a woman, and he knows it; but what can a man do, that is link'd to all three by the chain of destiny? The best way is to look well out, he cries; and truly he trusts just to his wife's smiles, as he would to a smooth sea; he knows full well, what a change in both an hour can produce.

He can no more sleep in sheets, than in a horse-pond; and put him into a feather-bed, he shall fancy he's sinking streight, and fall to swimming all weathers; but sling him up in a hammock, and he shall lie a whole night as dormant as Mahomet hanging betwixt two load-stones.

If ever he's troubled with dreams, it's when he's reduced to very short allowance, and then truly he oft fancies himself a mauling off the roast-meat in Smock-Alley, till unluckily he bites his fingers thro' greediness, and that wakes the poor slave, who is ready to weep, to find his stomach baulk'd so confoundedly.

His chief station is that hill of Parnassus, the fore-castle; here he and his brother Jacks lie pelting each other with sea-wit, and toss jests and oaths about, as thick and fast, as boys do squibs on a coronation-day.

No man can have a greater contempt for death, for every day he constantly shits upon his own grave, and dreads a storm no more, than he does a broken head, when drunk. He has met so ma-

ny escapes, that his mind is grown as callous as his palms, and dreams no more that he shall be drown'd, than be damn'd; and yet he may meet with both, when he the least thinks on't.

He looks then most formidable, when others would appear most drooping; for see him in bad weather, in his fur-cap and wapping large watch-coat, and you'd swear the Czar was returned once more from Muscovy; yet he's never in his true figure, but within a pitch'd jacket, and then he's as invulnerable to a cudgel, as a hog in armour.

Nothing makes him droop, like an empty brandy-bottle; whilst there's any thing in it, he sticks by't as close as the load-stone does to cold iron: Plenty of this, and a Mediterranean fun, makes him as dry and huskish in one summer, as a toasted biscuit, to the great discomfort of his disappointed doxy, who finds him more sapless than a squeez'd lemon, and as unpalatable to her as chop'd straw in Spain is to an English mare.

Let him rise never so early, his stomach is sure to rise with him. His common breakfast is a salt mouthful, a dry dram, and a pipe of tobacco. Fortify'd with this infernal recipe, he's as insensible of our Northern blasts, as a gun, or a knighthead.

He is not so nice as his superiors, whom nothing will go down with, under right Nantz or rum; he shall gulph ye down the rankest stinkibus with as good a gusto as a Teague does usquebaugh, and not be a doit the worse for it.

His darling liquor is flip, which makes him as fat as a porpoise, and as valiant as Scanderberg. Instigated by this courageous hotch-potch, he shall make a clear stage where-e'er he comes, and box the very main-mast. This is his sovereign charm against fear in an engagement; the more he

he drinks the warmer he fights, tho', God knows, his shots fly all at random.

He's one that is the greatest prisoner, and the greatest Rambler in Christendom; there is not a corner of the world but he visits, and yet the poor slave very rarely makes one step beyond the sight of his old habitation; but when he does get ashore, he pays it off with a vengeance; for knowing his time to be short, he crowds much in a little room, and lives as fast as possible.

His first care is, to truck some old cumbersome coat or other, for a good warm lining to his belly; and then to be sure his courage is up, and he must have a brush with some vessel of iniquity or other. He's sure to board the very first he sees, carries her freight, without expence of shot or powder; but unlucky fortune, that should favour the bold, leaves him in the lurch; for, instead of meeting with a purchase, he finds himself grappled to a fireship, who sets him in such a flame in a twinkling, that all the water-grewel in the universe can't save him.

He's so often us'd to reeling at sea, that when he is reeling drunk ashore, he takes it for granted to be a storm aboard, and falls to throwing every thing out at the windows, to save the vessel of a bawdy-house.

His furlow is commonly but a night or so; and it is well for him it is no longer, for he needs but a week to spend a twelvemonth's pay in reversion. If he has a reversion clear of incumbrances, it is a wonder, and makes him think upon pay-day much oftener than the day of judgment.

But after long waiting it comes at last, and brings him a whole hat-full of money: If he be sober at the juncture, he's damnably puzzled in

contriving the ways and means how to spend it; but if, as he commonly is, elevated with flip, he scorns to spend one thought upon the matter, but straight, while 'tis yet warm in his cap, fairly sits down to the cards or hazard, and generously throws it all away before sun-set.

If Fortune runs on his side, he's yet not a tester the better for it: 'Tis below him to pocket up gains, he cries, and gallantly throws it about the deck, like hail-shot. In fine, while his *mammon* lasts, he's a mad fellow, and is every now and then playing some dog-trick or other, for which he is soundly bit by a cat of nine-tails; and yet he shall have him as proud of the wales on his back as a Holy-land pilgrim is of a Jerusalem print; so that there's no bringing him to his true temperament again, but by subjoining the bilboes, with a week's dieting upon Adam's ale and dry biscuit. This effectually recovers him, and makes him as sober as a bishop, which is a convincing proof, that water has far greater virtues in it than we imagine.

He constantly shuts up the week with a debauch, for he believes it an unpardonable crime to neglect celebrating his wife's memory on Sunday-eve; and of all his sins of omission, this is the only one that he never is wilfully guilty of; for if he have money or credit, or but a rag to his buttocks, he'll part with all, to purchase a focking-bout that night, where he drinks to the memory of his concubine so heartily, that he quite drowns her in oblivion. It would be a shameful scandal to go off master of his legs upon that occasion, so down he drops at last athwart some greasy chest, and there lies as dead as a doornail, till raised to life again next morning by the dreadful dooms-day sound of the boatswain; *Get up, all hands*

hands to prayers, and be damned. Up he gets streight at this, yet with such a reluctancy, as if he was going to be damned indeed.

Thus, betwixt sleeping and waking, he crawls along to the place of worship, where he drops upon his knees or posteriors, as providence best orders it, and falls most devoutly asleep again.

The sermon being shut up, he opens his eyes, for he awakes by a natural instinct, whensoever the boatswain pipes to dinner; away he marches with a much better stomach to his rusty pork, than to the best spiritual diet in Christendom.

If he sprinkle any grace over the platter, it is a plain symptom that his maw is out of order; which is a misfortune that rarely befalls him: But if he be in his ordinary trim, he begins the attack without ceremony, and neither asks for grace or mustard to his victuals.

He proportions his cut of meat to the size of his place, and both this and that he champs down together. He is as unacquainted with a fork, as a stone-horse; and while he has a rag to his arse, he scorns to make use of a napkin; but if his allowance be very short, he is sure to lick his paws well before he wipes them on his breeches.

After his teeth are laid, he commemorates the best in Christendom (meaning his wife to be sure) in mortifying gripe-gut beer, and in a can as big and nasty as a piss-barrel; and yet he takes as hearty a down-hawl as an old bawd tugging at a large rummer of rhenish and sugar.

He has fifty cunning ways of raising a penny to his own ruin; and all to purchase a little stinking spirits, which yet he buys at double the price of right brandy, and sometimes dearer. Thus, before he has compleated a summer's voyage, he

has swallowed down a twelvemonth's pay as glibly as a jugler does a knife, without ever being suspected a conjurer for it.

He's a rare dog under an honest commander, and will fight everlastingly, if he can but have justice at the end of his labours; but to receive all the knocks, and none of the moneys, is the devil, and gripes him worse than the purser's wine-vinegar.

Tho' he is a very stout fellow, he's nothing of a soldier (thanks to his negligent officers); he can no more answer to the right, or to the left, than a crab-louse; but bid him star-board, or port, and he's as quick as an eel; but no man can bring him to face about, such a stiff-necked cur is he.

He loves his honour like roast-beef, and is ready to spend his blood upon any fair quarrelsome occasion. His hands are seldom his own when he's drunk, and yet they become his bosom-friends when he's sober, for he generally carries them stopped within his breast, or his pockets; not so much to keep his heart, or his money close within board, but out of a pure moral principle of not exposing his best friends, they being the only two he has to trust to.

It is hard to say which he can box best, his brother tar, or his compass; he's *in utroque magnus*, that's certain, and has both of them at his finger-ends.

But tho' he handles his hands the best of any man, he trusts most to his head, like all other horned cattle, and does manage it with as much skill and force, as any bull or ram whatever. He values it most for being bullet-proof; and should

it

it give way in staving a but-head, he would not deem it worth the wearing.

If ever he drown, it must be with good liquor; for he swims like a fish in salt water, and by much practising in hot countries, gets a skin not much unlike a red herring.

If you find him with mustachios, he's certainly a size above ordinary in his own conceit; aye, and is fancied so too by the women, who wisely infer, that a stiff pair of whiskers must needs spring from some secret stiffening cause or other.

His thoughts reach not much above the top-mast-head, and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his eye-sight. He has seen in his days more than enough to have made any thinking creature wise and honest; but this poor composition of beef and oatmeal views all things, as sheep do the stars, or a cart-horse what passes in Cheap-side, without any after-thought or reflexion.

If his breeding has been North of Yarmouth, he is distinguished with the title of Collier's Nag; and indeed he is a rare horse that will never fail you in bad weather, being as insensible to rain, cold, or thunder, as a cannon-bullet. He is generally above the common size of other tars, in bulk, strength, and courage, which is mainly owing to his northern diet, which he thinks on with a heavy heart every time he sees a good coal-fire.

He is a great admirer of North-country beef and pease-pudding, yet allows Newcastle ale and salmon to be the most superlative diet in the universe.

He's as yare at the hand-lead in shoal waters, as a weaver at his shuttle; and tho' he should feel himself within half a foot of ruin, he'll sing ye
forth.

forth his soundings with as pleasant a note, as a thief shall a psalm at Tyburn. In fine, for yard-arm, whip staff, or stowing of an anchor, he is the best of sailors; but as to higher matters, he leaves them to deep-read scholars; for he has no more notion of navigation than an African of snow, or a blind man of colours.

His usual stay abroad is 9 or 12 months; at his return, he looks like a martyr newly risen from a salivation-tub, and has not courage enough to send in post-haste for his wife from Wapping; yet the first thing he meets with, is a letter from her, congratulating his fortunate arrival, in a great measure owing to her ardent endeavours; and assuring him, that she has not had one belly-full of satisfaction in his absence.

The next thing he meets with, is his pinch-gut money, which he turns into provender immediately, for he hates to be a debtor to his belly. This, with a little credit ashore, brings him in gelt again, and then he must go to London, tho' he lose his pay for his labour.

Here he becomes the *primum mobile* of all hurly-burly, and the terror of the Spittlefields weavers. No musick-house but has his presence; but of all things, *Hockley in the hole* is the hole for his money; next to this is a public cavalcade, where he makes a hellish pothor, and throws away his hat among the dirty crowd, out of pure extasy. Thus he lives, till he can live no longer thus, and then off he puts to sea again, to fish for more silver.

In fine, take this same plain blunt sea-animal, by and large, in his tar jacket, and wide-kneed trowsers, and you'll find him of more intrinsic value to the nation, than the most fluttering beau in it; and yet he's infinitely short of what he has
been

been in the days of Yore, when partiality and self-interest were less in fashion.

Our ships of war are undisputably the best in the world, and so might the sailors be too; for all depends upon the merit and honesty of the commander, who models every thing as he pleases; and if he valued the interest of his country above an ill-got estate, he might in one twelvemonth make a man of war the most beneficial, august, and delightful habitation in the world.

Whereas this admirable moving fortress, erected to maintain the honour, and secure the grandeur of our glorious island, is, by the supine negligence of some, and indirect practices of others, grown almost a burden to the state, by becoming a kind of pest-house to the most strong, active, and useful part of the people, who much oftner fall by home than foreign enemies.

F I N I S.

...in the days of York, when parianity and
...interest were told in fashion.
Our ships of war are undignifiedly the best in
the world, and to make the sailors be too for
the English people in their and honesty of the
commander, who is the only thing as he thinks
should be valued the interest of his country above
an ill-got office, he might be one to whom
there is a man of war the most beautiful, simple,
and delightful satisfaction in the world.
...the world is still the most interesting
to maintain the history, and to the garden
of our shipboard. It is by the living page
of the world, and indeed, the history of others
is the most interesting to the most interesting active
and the most part of the world, who reach other
all by home and foreign countries.

I.
II.
III.
IV.
V.
VI.
VII.
VIII.
IX.
X.
XI.
XII.

MARS *stript of his Armour:*

OR, THE

A R M Y

DISPLAY'D in all its TRUE COLOURS.

Containing the CHARACTERS of

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| I. An Army in General. | XIII. A Spy. |
| II. A Regiment, or Battalion. | XIV. A Captain. |
| III. A Captain-General. | XV. A Lieutenant. |
| IV. A Lieutenant General. | XVI. An Ensign. |
| V. A Major-General. | XVII. An Adjutant. |
| VI. A Brigadier-General. | XVIII. A Quarter Master. |
| VII. A Colonel. | XIX. The Chaplain of a Regiment. |
| VIII. A Lieutenant Colonel | XX. The Surgeon. |
| IX. A Major. | XXI. A Serjeant. |
| X. A Captain of the Guards | XXII. A Grenadier. |
| XI. An Aid de Camp. | XXIII. A private Centinel. |
| XII. A Partizan. | XXIV. Provost. |

THE THIRD EDITION.

By a Lover of the MATHEMATICKS.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year M DCC LXXIX.

MARS, first of his

OR, THE

A R M Y

Display'd in his True Colours

Containing the Characters of

XIII. A Spy	I. An Army in General
XIV. A Captain	II. A Regiment or Battalion
XV. A Lieutenant	III. A Captain-General
XVI. An Adjutant	IV. A Lieutenant-General
XVII. A Quarter-Master	V. A Major-General
XIX. The Chaplain of a Regiment	VI. A Brigadier-General
XV. The Surgeon	VII. A Colonel
XVI. A Lieutenant-Colonel	VIII. An Assistant Colonel
XVII. A Major	IX. A Major
XVIII. A Grenadier	X. A Captain of the Guards
XIX. A Grenadier	XI. A Captain of the Grenades
XII. A Provost	XII. A Prisoner

THE THIRD EDITION

By a Book of the MATHEMATICS

EDENBURGH

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Wooden World dissected (in which the miscarriages of our fleet, the insolence of our naval officers, and the miseries and hardships of our sailors before the mast, are discover'd) has met with universal applause; and the smart reflections therein on the conduct of our marine commanders, may teach them to be wiser and better, if they are capable of instruction.

The success that undertaking has met with, gives an encouragement to the present design; from which, 'tis presum'd, the gentlemen of the army may understand how to conform themselves to the obligations they lie under; if they are not sufficiently sensible of their duty, and their honour.

The world, if it does justice to our nation, must acknowledge the bravery of the English. The battels of Cressy and Agincourt, sufficiently witness the truth of this assertion; and Oliver's victories, yet recent in our memories, tell us, our troops, if well us'd, are invincible.

But private advantage suppresses the public interest, and we have had as fine regiments as any in Europe, ruin'd by the avarice, or negligence of our commanders.

To make a regiment fight well, they must be paid, and cloath'd well: And had not this been done in Flanders, we had never gain'd the famous fights at Hockstedt and Ramillies.

We need not wonder then at the loss of Almanza, and that those plains were stain'd with British blood; the English were fatally overcome by the intrigues of the English, and we were not so much beaten, as betray'd.

I dare aver, that the hardships sustain'd by poor wretches in the Sav-y and the T——r, have deterr'd greater numbers from entering into the service, than all our conquests have persuaded to take up arms.

The author, therefore, of these following pages, out of a sense of duty to his country, has taken the liberty of describing the ill actions committed by some officers, with the same freedom and unconcern they committed them, and painted his knaves and fools just as nature form'd 'em.

Nothing can be more necessary to the good of the common-wealth, than descriptions of this nature, where the vice, and not the person is reflected on: And here, as in a mirror, each haughty criminal may view the ugliness of a vice, which tarnishes all the glory of his actions.

'Tis true, the picture is but half drawn, and only the disagreeable side is expos'd to our reflections; but if this seems injustice, whenever

ever the gentlemen, who are criminal in the matters here laid to their charge, will change their sentiments, I'll promise to turn the Satyr into a Panegyrick.

But, thanks be to God, there are some officers in the army, who are above betraying their honour, or their country, who have fought with bravery for the character and post they sustain; to whose valour and conduct both Europe, and all England is indebted.

There are commanders, who think it murder to surprize men into the service; who rule their soldiers by love, not fear; who neither abuse their inferiors, nor meanly cringe to those who are above them; who succour with all good offices their friends, and give noble quarter to their enemies; who would no more wrong a soldier of his pay, or a tradesman of his debt, than they would affront the one, or desert the other in the time of action; who, if it lay in their power, would do good to all men, and injuries to none; whose moderation is only exceeded by their courage, and whose fire only exerts itself in the service of their country.

Some such men there are in the army; and that we may have more of them, and less occasion of Satyr, is the author's desire.

THE CONTENTS.

<i>THE Character of an Army in general,</i>	7
<i>A Regiment, or Battalion,</i>	12
<i>A Captain-General,</i>	19
<i>A Lieutenant-General,</i>	21
<i>A Major-General,</i>	25
<i>A Brigadier-General,</i>	29
<i>A Colonel,</i>	35
<i>A Lieutenant-Colonel,</i>	40
<i>A Major,</i>	43
<i>A Captain of the Guards,</i>	45
<i>An Aid de Camp,</i>	51
<i>A Partizan,</i>	53
<i>A Spy,</i>	55
<i>A Captain,</i>	58
<i>A Lieutenant,</i>	64
<i>An Ensign,</i>	66
<i>An Adjutant,</i>	68
<i>A Quarter-Master,</i>	70
<i>The Chaplain of the Regiment,</i>	72
<i>The Surgeon,</i>	76
<i>A Serjeant,</i>	79
<i>A Grenadier,</i>	81
<i>A private Centinel,</i>	82
<i>A Provost.</i>	83

Of



Of an ARMY in general.

AN Army is the very reverse of a church; and as we learn piety in the one, 'tis ten thousand to one, but we are taught profaneness in the other. As all religions concur, and meet in Amsterdam, so all vices center in an army. The oaths of the private men rattle louder than their drums, and may be heard almost at as great a distance as their cannon.

The devil, who manages the affairs of hell in a camp, has a happy time of it: His black worship, in less than a campaign, grows as plump as an over-grown bawd, and as lazy as a B — p. He has no occasion to tempt the soldiers; they even go to hell fast enough in all conscience; and the infernal agent has nothing to do, but to take a game at piquet, or so, for his diversion. I am inform'd from very good hands, that Lucifer only bestows these places upon his chiefest favourites; and that a preferment of this nature, is next to lord-lieutenant of that footy empire.

But hold! the devil is not so ugly as he is painted: An army is an hospital, where you may certainly meet with a cure for the wounds of the mind, however you endanger the body. Are you troubled with an undutiful parent, with a relation who lives longer than he should do, or with a ter-magant devil of a wife? here's a remedy, Are you plagu'd with wants, bailiffs, and lawyers? here's

a cure for them too ; a brace of pills, and a little gun-powder, will effect the business better than all the prescriptions of Hans, Gibbons, or Ratcliff.

They can't be reckon'd among the children of Rechab ; for though they pay obedience to their general, who ought to be look'd on as their father, and live in tents, yet they drink abundance of wine.

'Tis a rendezvous of beasts of prey ; and as the ark contain'd creatures wild and tame, so you have here variety of the first ; but if you expect any of the other sort, you may be mistaken, unless a few female warriors, that come now and then to visit an uncle, brother, or cousin-german, may be reckon'd in that number.

The scholars will have it, that an army is *ultima ratio regum*, the last reason which kings usually offer ; and that when other arguments fail, they make use of this, as most irresistible and convincing. But the politicians may talk what they will of the matter, if a plunder'd boor was to preach of reason to his landlord a dragoon, Lord bless us ! how the landlord in red would lay him over the noddle ! Or suppose a gentleman of the long robe should cant of reason to a carcass piping-hot from that terrible engine a mortar-piece, I can't but think what a dash in the chops 'twould give the poor fellow ; 'tis ten pounds to a shilling, 'twould so spoil his countenance, he'd never look like an honest man afterwards.

'Twould be a good whim for some fearful fellow to talk of peace over his cups at a futler's ; he might chance to meet with a good drubbing for his folly. For my part, I'd no more be in his case, than in that of a saucy rascal's, who should
have

have the impudence to offer a reference, or arbitration in Westminster-Hall.

'Tis a sanctuary for insolvent debtors, where an honest fellow, over a glass of gin, may laugh at the several colleges of the King's-bench, Fleet, and Newgate; and no more value an escape warrant, tho' granted by my Lord Chief Justice himself, than the scoundrel did the Lord Mayor of this honourable city, whom he bid kiss his arse, when he had got upon Highgate-Hill.

Xerxes wept to see his army, considering, that a few years would put a period to those numerous brigades. But should he return to life again, he'd laugh as heartily as he cry'd before, reflecting at the folly of 100000 coxcombs, who venture their lives for the poor stipend of a groat a day.

An Army is the true resemblance of the Lyon's den in the fable; 'twill puzzle the mathematical head of a Flamstead, to tell you the numbers that go thither; but a crop-hair'd school-boy, who has learnt but three months to write, and cast accounts, will easily reckon the numbers which return, without endangering his hand by the *formula, Restigia pauca retrorsum.*

It resembles, in one sense the pool of Bethesda, mention'd in the holy gospel; there's abundance of cripples to be found there, but with this difference, to those unhappy wretches; from the first they drew their cure, and the last reduc'd them to this maim'd condition.

This, like all other great bodies, moves heavily; but if you attack it with a superiour force at the postern gate, 'twill march as nimbly as an over-seer of the poor to a parish collation.

The Centaurs and Lapithæ fought for a wench, and spilt a great deal of blood and wine in the quar-

quarrel; but what would one of those four-legg'd lovers have said to our gentlemen of the sword who daily venture their lives for honour and ambition, yet lighter and falser than a woman.

Tho' the Army deals in wounds and bastinadoes, sorts of scurvy commodities, yet they're a civil, courteous people in one respect, for they seldom refuse any body into their society; and you need no other qualifications to rig you out with, than want, impudence, and folly: But the devil of it is, a man often pays too much for his *sex partite* alcove; and if he escapes with his head, and a brace of members, from the fortune of war, he has a good title to Chelsea College, or to demand contribution from well disposed Christians; and despise at once both constables and beadles.

'Tis true, they are not the best Christians; but no men follow the rule of not providing for to-morrow, better than themselves; and to speak the plain matter of fact, they are in the right of it; for to-morrow takes care of them, and either provides them with plunder, and other appurtenances of war, or shovels them amongst that mass of matter, where they have no occasion for their daily bread.

They say, no grass grows wherever the grand seignior's horse sets his foot; if so, our squadrons have much the better of it; for no sooner are our inquisitive dragoons in an enemy's country, but they can raise, as it were out of the dust, corn, hay, and all manner of contributions.

The inhabitants towards the West of England, have an odd way of burning their ground to make it fruitful. I verily believe, they have communicated their secret to our armies; for no sooner are forty or fifty acres of corn set on fire by one
modern

modern Sampson, but there ensues an immediate plenty in the camp, and the farmers in red always reap an extraordinary harvest.

Astræa, they say, is banish'd from the court, bench, and bar; from gentlemen, traders, and physicians; but if you are at a loss for the sculking maid, you may meet with her in a camp: For from high to low, they deal justly, curse themselves, and each gives the devil his due.

'Twas a pleasant sort of a battel, when the giants and Jove pelted one another with hills and vallies. Here an earth-born monster snatch'd up a town, people and all, and swung it at the head of the tyrannical thunderer. Jove, in a passion, return'd the compliment, by throwing back an island at the rebel. But if those unexperienc'd warriors had known the use of cannon, they might have laugh'd at the thunder of their enemy, and have serv'd him as Saturn did his father, have depos'd him first, and afterwards cut off the representatives of his manhood.

Yet as terrible as the cannon is, the smoak of it is very fructifying; and a burgher's wife, who goes two or three times a week to smell gunpowder, is as sure of a receipt against barrenness, as a good woman who makes a journey to Tunbridge, Epfom, or the spaws in Yorkshire.

Juno kept her chariot at Samos; Venus her magazine of love's artillery on the delicious plains of Cyprus; but the devil builds his arsenal of death in an army; and from thence shoots far and wide his destructive arrows.

Our men at arms are mightily chang'd from the knights of antiquity: In those fighting days the sons of Mars never minded their bellies; and we never read of the least provision that they carry'd

ry'd with them over barren sands and deserts; whilst they were in search after their glorious adventures. Alas! those good men had no stomach, but to fight; and our modern blades perfectly reverse the scene, and have little stomach, but to eat.

After all, it must be acknowledg'd, that since cannons, bombs, carcasses, and red-hot bullets have been in fashion, a soldier has but a scurvy time of it. Before, a two handed fellow, such as Achilles in Homer, had nothing to do, but to implore some divine black-smith to make him a suit of armour; with the assistance of which impenetrable steel, and a scull as impenetrable, the heroick lubber would make no more of breaking through a regiment, than a modern soldier would of devouring a capon.

Of a REGIMENT, or Battalion.

A Regiment is a corporation, which consists of several individuals, detach'd from Bridewell, the King's bench, the Fleet, Newgate, and the Compters; but whoever says it's a body politick, are confoundedly mistaken: For would any man, in his sober senses, take the trouble of marching into Spain or Germany, in order to have his brains beat about his ears, when there are so many decent ways of converting one's person to the same use here at home? When London-bridge is situated so conveniently for wetting a poor soul in this world, that is likely to be over-roasted in the next? And when the elevated Cupulo of St. Paul's, with tenderness and affection, stands prepar'd to receive any person, who is inclinable to break his neck,

neck, with that grandeur, pomp, and magnificence, as would do a man's heart good to throw himself off it ?

It may be properly termed the church-militant; for they pray heartily when in affliction, and fast too, when no provision is to be got, with all imaginable humiliation, till the next convoy brings them store of bread and geneva; inspir'd with which, they are ready to prove their religion orthodox, by the infallible arguments of sword and fuzee, against all its enemies, the Pope, the Turk, and the devil.

Over a bottle or flaggon, they swear they love each other like a brother; but the truer expression would be like a father; and so they do in reality: For the subaltern prays as heartily for his superior officer's hanging, drowning, or knocking of the head, as a young ungodly heir does for that unconscionable, long-liv'd miser, his father.

The very spirit of the Divan is got into our Battalions; they think the removal of one officer the sure way of raising the other; and they are so whimsical, or cruel, as to imagine no pair of stairs so conducive to preferment, as those which are made over the mangl'd bodies of their dying friends and companions.

I can't tell how they can call themselves regular forces. 'Tis true; their marching, counter-marching, and encamping, may be methodical enough, when they very often live at discretion, and observe no rule in plundering their friends, or their enemies.

Tho' it is a large body, yet 'tis as nimble as an eel in the mud, when the agitator's cane hangs over the head of the Battalion, and knows its right hand

hand from its left at two or three months old, which is more than can be said of ever an infant in Christendom.

They are always more expensive of their powder, than of their lead; as they are of their oaths, than their money; and 'twould be dangerous to trust a private centinel with edg'd tools upon every occasion, who might easily revenge, in a cloud of smoke, the drubs and domineering he receiv'd from a worser man than himself.

'Tis a very religious society, that's most evident, though not so pretending as some others; for they very civilly go to prayers once a Sunday, when the chaplain of the regiment is at leisure to attend his cure, and decently rob, plunder, and ravish all the week afterwards.

They ought to be suppos'd very good-natur'd too; for no sooner does a company of them spy a stray lamb, or a pig, but they take the mute orphan into their protection.

They can't be term'd very vicious, when their chastity is so conspicuous, and their designs of change so circumscrib'd, that a single wench has been paramour to a whole body, and serv'd both in washing their linen, and other necessary occasions.

When the whole body's together, you'd imagine it able to conquer the universe; and do more heroick actions, than the Scythians or Tamerlane; but when the sheaf of arrows is unbound, and each individual stands on his own pedestal, you'd protest that Sir John Falstaff was mistaken, and that they are not food enough for powder; and that their charging with a half pike too often, has made them incapable of using any other.

They are great lovers of wine, but they don't
much

much care for it in an enemy's country; and had rather pay for it at home, than have it abroad *gratis*: Quite contrary to the temper of your London sparks and ladies, that can't relish a dish of fruit, or green pease, unless they see them gather'd out of a garden.

There's never a colonel in Christendom, and that's a proud word, can fill up all the vacancies in a regiment; for still there will be a vacancy in their heads, in their duty, and in their pay.

They think the French king a mighty monarch because they see his picture drawn with a couple of mustacho's; but whatever notions they may entertain from the grandeur of his phiz, I can assure them, that his Gallick Majesty will never come near enough a martial fire, to venture a scorching.

If you was to view a Regiment when foraging, you'd imagine them as industrious as a commonwealth of pismires: But, alas! their forage, or their plunder is never long-liv'd; they are above laying up for winter; and such an action would resemble a burgher of Lombard-street, rather than a gentleman-dragoon, or grenadier.

They are certainly the most familiar of men; for no sooner are they in strange quarters, but they think themselves at home, and treat the master, mistress, and servants of the family, as if they had been acquainted with them as many years, as they have seen them minutes; and known their very nature better than Case or Trotter could do, upon inspection of their physiognomies. Says a tall fellow to the hostler, *You son of a whore, here draw off my boots.* Whilst a second demands in as civil a manner, *What makes the bitch of a maid so long in making a fire!*

B

As

As the ocean, the grave, and a barren womb, are never satisfy'd with meat and drink, so a regimental stomach can be as little appeas'd: Bring it all the substantial courses of Leaden-hall, Newgate, and Honey-lane Markets, they'll yet find room for more; and for wine, they could exhaust the Palatinate; for you must know, these salamanders are always in a desperate drowthy condition.

They can't be said to be very cunning fellows, for as cunning as they are, they often shoot besides the mark: Yet, let the world be of what opinion it will, they ought to be reckon'd great flatterers; for with the wind of their breath, they'll blow a man up to the sky.

'Tis a body which contains several souls; and tho' they suffer a purgatory here and hereafter, 'tis a great question whether they will be sav'd, as by fire.

They are in fee with Charon, and the Furies, to send them store of customers, as the constables, headboroughs, and beadles of the city and suburbs are brib'd by Captain Wilks, and Captain Taylor, to find inhabitants for their detested mansions; and without the rage of the first, and the pious endeavours of the latter, both their devilish apartments would lie dead upon their hands.

If a raw fellow has a smattering principle of honesty, he starves like a man of honour, till in a little time he is jeer'd out of it by his companions, as a ridiculous madness: For what should Honesty, poor girl, do amongst soldiers? 'Tis ten thousand to one, but they'd handle her very roughly. And, indeed, 'tis her own fault: For why should the foolish flut be shewing her parts in the city, the court, or the campaign?

She

She has a sister too, call'd Modesty, who no more cares to smell gun-powder, than an A——n, or a beau. Never such a thing was known in a camp, unless at a storm, and then poor rogues are always for letting their betters go before 'em.

Tho' they have a great deal of active valour, they have very little of the passive. They don't, like the primitive Christians, court the swords, halberts, and partizans of the wicked. And tho' both they, and their horses, generally speaking, stand fire well enough, yet I'll engage they'll never bear roasting in Smithfield.

Tho' they are a sort of profligate fellows, and are no more like that religious Regiment of Romans, whose piety and prayers made heaven their auxiliary, and call'd for the bolts of the most High to assist a Pagan emperor; tho' they no more resemble them, than an honest man does an agent, yet they can shew pretty tricks when they are drawn together, with their artillery in the front: They can make a greater noise than the brazen bridge, when it mimick'd the bellowing of the skies; and after all, they properly deserve the character of a thundering Regiment.

We frequently find as many tongues in a Regiment, as there were at the confusion of Babel: But there's no fear of these warriors erecting a tower as high as the heavens; you may depend upon it, they build nothing but sconces.

If another ruin attends the constitution of this world, they pray it may not be by fire; they had much rather it should be a second deluge of water; and then they might cool their hot pericraniums, tho' one of wine would be better: And in such an extremity, I'd engage they would drink themselves safe from the purple inundation.

They're no more a parcel of conjurers, than my L—— M—— and the C——t of A——n; nor forcerers, than the Lyons of Essex; yet they can raise a storm, thunder, and lightning, quicker than the witches in the Tempest.

They never pray, nor use any religious worship before a battle; that would be mean and cowardly. Besides, perchance, in such a case, they might call again to remembrance some few venial sins, which have long since slip't the gripes of their conscience. Such a piece of folly would, in all likelihood, dispirit and render them less resolute and daring; or, may be, they might put heaven in mind of some former offences; and then, indeed, the Lord knows what would become of them. For these reasons, they carefully omit that drudgery; and tho' good Protestants as ever adher'd to the reformation, yet in this point, lean a little to the church of Rome; and are rather inclin'd, that some good Christian people should take the pains to pray for them after they are dead.

If they were to make their wills, as they may easily do of their goods and chattels, I'd advise them to bestow their modesty on the ladies of Covent-Garden: Their good manners on a Middlesex justice of peace; and their sharpness on a judicious baron.

Yet, after all their failings, they have one virtue which no body can, in justice, deny them; and that is, their great care of such goods and chattels as are left behind by a deceased brother soldier. Rest his soul, he has forty executors in an instant, and without the expence of time and money, which they plague us with the loss of at Doctors-Commons. Whilst a good fellow may
throw

throw down a dram of the bottle, they administer to whatever falls in their clutches; sell the same upon a drum-head, without making any inventory, and keep the neat profits, you may assure yourself, for the benefit of the widow, or orphan.

Of a CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

HE is the very point of the spear; is honour'd with the highest preferment, and the greatest trust that can well be conferr'd upon a soldier. In King William's time, we knew not what this post meant in a subject, unless the commission of duke Schombergh be alledg'd to the contrary. That monarch, out of his inclinations to war, and good husbandry, retain'd this commission in his own hands; and by that means, kept his cash, and let the army blood at his discretion.

'Tis a post which even the greatest merit, by pure merit only, seldom attains to; and the persons of greatest quality, are generally more oblig'd for this eminent station, to some lucky action of their ancestors, than to the honour of their own achievements.

Yet, his grace the Duke of Marlborough is an exception to this general character, and owes his grandeur to little but the greatness of his sense and courage. There was a time, when that illustrious General, whose fame extends itself as far as the earth, or air can carry the weary traveller, was no more than Mr. Churchill, an ensign in the guards; and from so humble a post, has reach'd to a higher degree of glory, than any subject of England ever yet arriv'd at; though

our nation may justly boast to be as fertile in heroes, as any other in the universe.

The French have seldom any officers of this rank; their marshals of France, for the most part, command their armies; and even this is a post, tho' something beneath that of Captain-General, yet carries so much power, profit, and authority with it, that it is the usual mark at which most of the nobles aim. His most Christian Majesty being a person well read in mankind, and very penetrating into the management of his own affairs, seldom admits any to this command, but such as advance themselves by the sword; yet, it has been known, that others have obtain'd the same honour by the scabbard.

As a blue-apron'd boy in the city, holds up his chin thro' the tedious fatigues of a seven years apprenticeship, in hopes of being one day Lord Mayor of London, to have the honour of riding in a gilt coach, making a shew once a year, wearing a gold chain, and a gown lin'd with fables, besides the opportunity of sleeping every Sunday under the nose of the parson: So each ragged rogue in red, trooper, grenadier, or dragoon, sustains all the hardships of a campaign, drubs, and no meat; blows from his friends and enemies; a hearty stomach, and no dinner, heat and marches by day, and a worse inn at night, in hopes of this desir'd end of all his labours. But honour is not so soon won, as a widow; and length of days, and troubles, only bring one man to this high preferment, amongst a million. 'Tis true, every private centinel expects it, but he finds himself mistaken; and the ambitious coxcomb, if not murder'd by Geneva, once in two

or three years, vanishes in a cloud of smoke to the unknown regions of futurity.

Of a LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

A Lieutenant-General is an officer next to a captain-general, and usually upon service, has two major-generals, and as many, if not more, brigades under his direction. He seldom arrives to this post, till age has made him grey, and experience fitted him to undergo the weighty burden he sustains.

His knowledge in the world makes him regulate his actions by reason; and the power, or thoughts of a parliament oblige him to march fair and softly.

He must be a man of shrewd parts, or he could never wade through so many difficulties as naturally fall in his way, whilst he is treading the maze of preferment. He must have bow'd to some, and cring'd to others of his predecessors; that they who come after may do the same to him; and he has certainly done the duty of a barge-man upon a tow, thrust his nose in the foregoer's britch, that his follower may serve him in the same manner.

If he bears a spleen to a rising virtue, he knows a way of dispatching him, without the danger of being call'd in question for the matter, before justices of oyer and terminer: For, as the proverb says, The laws are silent in times of battle; and upon a detachment, or a storm, he is sure of an opportunity of safely gratifying an unjust revenge: But, heaven be thanked, the English nation knows no such man; I can't be positive

we

we have no David's, but I am sure we have no Uriah's.

But however sparing he is of his soldiers, which indeed is his duty, yet you shall always find him prodigal enough of his promises. A great statesman, a great courtier, and a great soldier, ought, in these matters, very little to be trusted to; the latter, if in an ill humour, will threaten to take your life, and yet permit you to live to the end of the chapter; if in a good humour, he'll promise to advance you, and make you live well; but that assurance is quickly out of his head, and you may drown, or starve for want, if you think fitting.

'Tis his business to grant the peasants safeguards; that is, a soldier; such as he shall appoint to lie like a bailiff's follower in possession, and defend the poor fellow's goods from other creditors writs of execution. Upon the farmer's humble remonstrance to the right honourable's secretary, and some weekly contribution, the matter is effected, and a gentleman of the guards enters upon the premises, watches over the same at breakfast, dinner, and supper, smokes and drinks with his host, lies with the frow, takes Myn Here's money, and faithfully guards the goods and chattels from all moroders, but himself.

He is a great enemy to superstition, and can't bear to see images, especially of gold and silver in the Catholick countries: He considers, that such gilded vanities are a stumbling-block to the vulgar, who are apt to be taken with the shew of things; that the worship which is generally paid to those statues, is destructive to the adorers, and direct wrong, by offering sacrifice to the creature, which is due to the Creator; he therefore

fore prudently causes the stumbling-block to be set aside, and thinks, that the passive oar will bear a much better figure with the stamp of his sovereign upon it, than with the effigies of those underlings of the sky.

He considers too, that the vestments of the priests, and those which dress their madona's may be put to much better uses; that the same may be sold, and distributed to the poor, or his soldiers; and reflects, that these saints should wear their niggardly cloaths but once a month, or so, on some signal holy-day, which would decently dress a pious grenadier, or dragoon, all the year round: And at the same time is very sensible, that these saints, above or below, though stript of their habits, are not very likely to catch cold; besides, in time they may grow mouldy. His excellency, therefore, very judiciously takes care, that they be turn'd to the best advantage.

He can't believe a word of the journey, which the chapel of Loretto made through the air; and fancies it can no more be mov'd, than a train of artillery in the depth of winter; but since the Roman Catholics affirm so much, he's willing to try the experiment, and wishes to have the opportunity of letting loose his soldiers, to borrow a few of the toys with which it abounds; and when he has got them in his warehouses, I'll engage he shall restore the plunder, if any angel will carry back the burden.

He understands the business of war as well as any body; and therefore does not care to be out of his profession. If he should live in peace, it might be said of him, as of a shoe-maker, that he was got beyond his last; and, therefore, is of the same opinion with our great assembly, that no
treaty

treaty with France can be safe and honourable, till the exorbitant power of that monarch is reduc'd to reason.

If his father left him no mighty paternal inheritance of acres, he is more beholden to Fortune, who allows him a fair field to make the best of, that's his next wish to being Captain-General; and he takes care to make a good harvest, by cutting down the enemy's. As for black cattle, and such like necessary plunder, they are generally sold to a butcher, for fear the army should be poison'd, by killing and eating carrion for godd meat. But as bold a fellow as the purchaser is, he very rarely carries off his bargain. When he has drove his horned regiment a mile or two from the camp, 'tis ten to one, but he meets with another party, which makes a distress for the benefit of his majesty's soldiers; and without any more ceremony, arise, kill, and eat; safely conducting back the residue the same way they came, to the inexpressible joy of their hungry companions.

To look upon his plate, his tapisstry, and the furniture of his tent, you'd believe it impossible that the time was, when he carried a brown musket on his shoulder; but the world is well chang'd with him. Nor is it so strange, he should make a collection of such pretty moveables; France, Spain, and the Indies are but his ware-houses; wherever he marches, he finds an ample harvest, sufficient to reward his labour, and Briareus himself, never had so many hands to get it in.

By the richness of his pavilion, you'd think it the palace of some mighty monarch. His musick drowns all noise that proves ungrateful to his repose; and in the very act of war, he enjoys all
the

the luxuries of peace, and raises the grandeur of his family.

He is far from thirsting after the life of his enemies; he knows how to bleed them a better way. He is as averse also to military execution; and thinks it a shame, that fine villages, and open towns, should be reduc'd to ashes, when the inhabitants are for passive-obedience, and pay their contributions quietly.

In winter he leaves his high command, and repairs to the fountain of his honour, the court; where, by his address and management, you'd believe he was in his native air, tho' the greatest part of his life has been spent in a rougher climate; where we leave him to taste the satisfaction due to an extraordinary merit.

Of a MAJOR-GENERAL.

A Major-General is a person, who commands next to the lieutenant-general, and is the same as the preceding officers, in most of his qualifications.

Being next oars to preferment, you may assure yourself he prays for the life of his superior, with the same zeal and interest, that the next heir solicites heaven to prolong the days of his rich curmudgionly father.

Of all things in the world, he loves the absolute command of a strong detachment in an enemy's country.

'Tis well for him, we have no deputies in the army, as is practis'd by the States of Holland. If but two or three of our country gentlemen, who represent their respective boroughs in the senate, should

should peep into his magnificent apartments, *Lord bless us!* what a noise they'd make the next sessions? And how they'd roar out against excessive taxes to maintain scarlet luxury?

He is so much a free-born subject, that he hates all monopolies, and can never forgive the French king that unpardonable crime of engrossing so much good wine to Catholick drinking only, as yearly proceeds from the fragrant vintages of Champaign and Burgundy.

If the old unfashionable way of making speeches before a battle, was to revive again in the world, what a noble oration might our late hero have made to his soldiers; he might have scorn'd to have reminded them of their ancient valour, or the glory of their ancestors: Those are common topicks, known now a-days to every school-boy. No, he had more sublime thoughts to go upon. "Gentlemen, he might have said, you have none but a few French scoundrels to deal with, the remainders of Blenheim and Ramillies; a parcel of sober Mahometan dogs, who have not the courage to taste of the vine, or drink the delicious fruits of their own labours. They're a pack of weak, passive-obedient rascals; but their wine is generous, strong, and ungovernable; therefore, fight, gentlemen, with the same spirit you drink, and all their casks, butts, and hogsheds, shall be ours: Our conquering swords, shall drive them out of their vineyards. Then, gentlemen, nothing follows but a peace; and under our own vines, and olive-trees, we may drink to the end of the chapter."

He observes very prudently, that no empire was ever fram'd, without some stratagem to build it upon; and some unusual notion wherewith to charm

charm the soldier into courage and resolution. Thus the Greeks, and Romans had their Elysian fields, their paintings and statues, to reward the generous deceas'd. The Goths and Vandals, the Jutes, Danes, and Saxons, being most of them good fellows, fancy'd they should enjoy such pleasures in the next world, as oblig'd them in this; and their politicians, and priests, very piously infus'd it into their heads, that if they happen'd to be slain in battle, they should immediately be admitted into the hall of Woden, their God of War; and there feast, and spend their time in all those warlike diversions, which pleas'd them most when in the land of the living.

Mahomet's head ran clear another way; for having to do with an effeminate people, noted for a luxurious lewdness, which they imbib'd from the very air which gave 'em birth, he flatter'd the lecherous mob with hopes of an eternity of whoring.

The great Gustavus Adolphus, and Cromwell, made religion the cause or pretence of their wars; they took care to persuade their armies to believe, that they fought for the true worship of God, against superstition and idolatry. Nor did fail in their designs; they were victorious wherever they march'd; and the daring soldier thought he had no reason to be fearful of man, who fought in the quarrel of his Maker.

Thus all parties have had their God of War, to which they have paid their devotions. That of the Romans was honour and concern for their country; the Danes and Saxons paid their respect to good eating and drinking; the Mussel-men ador'd the charms of beauty; and Oliver made religion the pretended aim of all his enterprizes.

But our modern generals are above these methods.

thods. The ladies they like well enough, 'tis true, but then 'tis only to lie close in their winter quarters: And since too much wine and religion make men mad, the aim and intent of all their actions is plunder.

Upon this, they very prudently build the courage of the soldier; for every pound we take from the French weighs double in the balance of the government; and a regiment, with good husbandry, may save their pay, live upon the enemy, and at the end of the war, get a French estate in debentures.

He has always his Aid de Camps to attend him, to fetch, and carry his orders, as puppies do gloves. Sometimes, indeed, they are sent upon dangerous expeditions, where the bullets fly as thick as false oaths in term time; but he has good nature enough, not to employ them everlastingly on such perilous adventures: Their business only is in serener times, to know how a brother general digested his Champaign or Burgundy; or how his entertainment agreed with him the preceding evening.

His tent is always guarded like the garden of the Hesperides, by a waking dragon; that is, by a centinel, who asks more questions than an usurer before he parts with his money on personal security. But for all this difficulty of access, 'tis easy to make your way thither, if you bring forty or fifty guineas for an ensign's commission.

Tho' his eyes are not extraordinary, yet if he commands in chief, he always spies well by other peoples, to whom the state or himself is very liberal. Money, upon such occasions, runs away like ditch-water; and what for true intelligence and false, there is constantly sunk, or lost vast sums of that necessary evil.

He'll

He'll no more pull off his hat on his march, than a Quaker at the Bull and Mouth on a Sunday; and is as stiff as a Presbyterian Elder. But if the enemy presses him too hard in the rear, he no more values forms and ceremonies, than the most pliant Conformist in Christendom.

His tent is his castle, where he has as many apartments as the king at St. James's, all furnished a-la-mode de Guerre, with portable commodities; and I assure you, if there's any lumber in those territories, it is himself.

Of a BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

A Brigadier is the youngest brother amongst general officers; but by the grace of God, and his own pious endeavours, he may, if he escapes the perils of land and sea, arrive to the conduct, address, and sufficiency of the best officer in the army.

He's a young General; so there are some secrets in the war, which he is not yet acquainted with: But time will instruct him better: like a ripening maid, he'll soon over-grow his modesty; and in two, or three campaigns, know the art of managing the war, as well as his superior officers.

Upon his preferment, his memory grows bad, and he loses by degrees in natural abilities, as he encreases in his fortune; for no sooner does he see the Brigade drawn out to salute him General, but he forgets an old comrade, though they have guzzl'd together in the days of short allowance, many a tun of Macklin beer, at a trusting sutler's in the rear of the regiment.

He certainly sets up his coach, upon his obtaining the honour of a Brigadier; and doubts not, but the world will take it as an argument of his courage and conduct; and truly his machine affirms, that he is possess'd of those qualifications as indisputably, as the leather convenience of Sir W—— R—— proves his character and skill in ophthalmicks.

You may be sure he's a man of honour the king calls Honourable in his commission; and he, you may be certain, can't do him injustice; because kings can do no wrong: But his creditors, perchance, may be of another mind, and may judge, by depending so long upon the court, that he's grown a meer courtier: Yet these are mistaken; for no man is more ready, or willing to pay his debts than himself; but such an ill-tim'd piece of unfashionable honesty might prove of pernicious consequence, by giving a bad example; and his conscience is so tender, he would not be the occasion of offence for the world.

If he happens to be a little costive of his courage, he has this to say for himself, that if he deserves not the laurel, he yet merits the honour of a civick garland, by retreating himself, and drawing many a lusty fellow after him, out of the peril and danger of a gun-shot.

Tho' he is without doubt a man, yet you can't call him a sociable creature; for he would be, by his good will, alone in command, alone in honour, and alone in plunder; but as for the danger of the field, he is not averse to share that with his soldiers; and his greatest enemies in this point, can't but do him the justice to affirm, he is as communicative as heart can wish.

'Tis

'Tis a receiv'd opinion of authors, both Christian and profane, that God gave to man an upright face, for the creature to behold the admirable, and stupendous works of his Creator. This gentleman makes the notion good, and always walks as upright as a midwife to a Christening, at the head of her gossiping infantry. But banter laid aside, 'tis odd to consider, that a man should be always looking upon the sky, and never have an inch of heaven in his thoughts.

He's no mighty friend to the clergy; 'tis true, he usually keeps a chaplain for the battalion he commands, as he does a led horse, more for shew than service: But let him be as indifferent as he pleases to the sons of the prophets, he likes pluralities of good livings well enough; and therefore is very ambitious of commanding two regiments at the same time, one of foot, and another of horse; and if you add the government of a fort, town, or citadel, 'twill make the variety more agreeable.

'Tis true, as we have just hinted, his respect for the clergy amounts to no more, than bare good manners. He has several reasons for his coolness; the chief of which are, that he looks upon the gentlemen in black as unnecessary charges to the common-wealth; that what maintains them, might, with more good husbandry and politicks, be apply'd to the use of the church-militant; and then their doctrines of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance quite turn his stomach; for were all our good people of that opinion, what would become of his profession?

He is as absolute, when he commands in chief, as a Persian monarch; but the happiness is, his

government's but short; and like all other violent motions, never continues long.

Æneas carry'd his aged father, and his household gods, from amidst the flames which reduc'd unlucky Ilium to ashes; but the unlucky misfortune of it was, he lost his poor doxy Creusa in the flight. But if such a rencounter should happen to an officer now a days, 'tis a million to six-pence, our modern hero would leave his gods, and his poor daddy in the lurch, snatch up his madam, and be packing.

He's always as fine as a midwife at a baptism, or a t'other end of the town lady, when she's to meet her spark in the city; but what does all this good dressing tend to? Why, forsooth, he is dish'd out as the ancient sacrifices were, with flowers and garlands; and perchance to the same purpose. He is the very shadow of the bull, which has his apartments near Hockly i' th' Hole; no sooner is he equipp'd in his top-knot, but immediately the poor beast is baited.

As Kings are gods over their subjects; so a General is a god over his regiment; and the poor Tatterdemallions worship him as the Indians do the devil, more out of fear, than affection. But this scarlet divinity wants the sacred attributes of the Almighty, his clemency, his goodness, and his justice; yet, in this he resembles the supreme Power; for all things under him tremble at his presence.

His tent is the Holy of Holies, where a centinel, with his drawn cymitar, or his piece ready charg'd, stands to guard his honour from the inclemency of the air, with as much vigilance and caution, as the Coldstream regiment of guards observe

observe his majesty's feather'd subjects in St. James's Park.

Sometimes a poor scoundrel of a serjeant is admitted into these sacred recesses, usher'd in by his gentleman, who was formerly your old acquaintance the Barber in Watling-street; and all the while the fellow is talking, he turns his rear directly upon him, out of pure good manners, for fear his venerable presence strike too great a terror upon the humble scoundrel.

He is easily distinguish'd by his gait, which is stately, as the ghosts in the Libertine; and the stride he makes, is as long as Captain Surly's on the quarter-deck.

You may assure yourself he's a gentleman, all heroes are so; and if his mother had the honour to be visited in her blooming days by an earl, or a duke, her son's advancement is the surer.

He's always finding fault with the exercise of the battalion, and mending or marring it, as much as lies in his power. He tells you, Alexander, Cæsar, and Hannibal, were pretty generals in their time; but there is another, who shall be nameless, who, if he was entrusted with the chief command, would out-cast them all the length of his half-pike. But give him leave to grumble now and then, 'tis the nature of an Englishman to do so; and after all is done, some that know him better than he does himself, think him neither wiser, or braver than those officers, who serv'd in the army of Cromwel.

He is a fighting spark, if you dare believe him, and such are seldom reckon'd persons of the nicest judgment; but let the world say what it will of his prudence, he sufficiently maintains the character of a man of sense, by obliging the a-
gent

gent to do him justice; which is no more to be expected from that puzzler of accounts, than from a lawyer, a high-way-man, or a pick-pocket.

He can foresee a bloody campaign, better than Partridge or Flamstead cou'd; and the friendly gout, or some other well-tim'd disease, always seizes him on such occasions; and then he has nothing to do, but to retire to Tunbridge, or the Bath, send his lieutenant-colonel to the honour, and the danger, and set up the next promotion for a higher command.

He's a swallow that always flies to a fiery climate; and like that bird too, you never see him but in the summer of prosperity.

The divines think him in a state of damnation, for contradicting the original blessing which God bestow'd upon the world; viz. *Encrease and Multiply*; they are apt to imagine, that his profession runs retrograde to this charming injunction; but they may talk as long as they please upon the matter, he's no such person as the world takes him to be; and I'll engage, he gets half a dozen for every one he kills.

He's a better musician than Orpheus; for that poetical fidler could only make the woods and stones dance to the numbers of his lyre, and give life to those inanimate substances: But this gentleman can do more than that; for by the rumbling of a drum, he can persuade fellows to be knock'd on the head; and 'tis a thousand times more difficult matter to get a fellow into the humour of going out of the world, than 'tis to bring him into it.

Fabius was reckon'd the buckler of the Roman state; Marcellus was reputed the sword; but this
honest

honest gentleman is both sword and buckler of our common-wealth, if you dare believe him.

But for all he's dress'd as glittering as the sun, yet your colonel of our city-infantry, makes every whit as good a figure, when he marches to Finsbury. Then for the fighting part, you must allow the rich burgher the most dangerous man, being doubly arm'd with natural and artificial weapons.

Of a COLONEL.

A Colonel is the best post in a regiment, or an honest gentleman now living is very much mistaken; therefore you need not doubt, but he thanks heaven very seriously, that has permitted him an employment, which the best astrologer in Christendom would never have guss'd he'd have arriv'd at, if they had seen him mount the guard in Tangier, with a brown musket on his shoulder, and never a fouse in his pocket.

To his great good fortune, queen Dowager's portion was demolish'd; or 'tis a thousand to one, but he had slept with his fathers in the sultry regions of Africa, and mingled his valiant dust with the unsanctify'd atoms of Mussel-men and Infidels. But it seems, Fate decreed it otherwise; the fortifications of that town were levell'd with the earth, and our hero march'd away loaded with honour and a snap-sack; and may justly, by the consequence of the town's being blown up, affirm, that *'tis an ill wind which blows no body good.*

Age naturally bends us downwards, and shews the grave, where we must all inhabit: But this gentleman

gentleman is the reverse of human frailty ; and the older he grows, the stiffer he is, and the more erect in his parading. He walks as strait as his half-pike ; and like that is for little but in the day of battle.

Notwithstanding his solemn marches, yet he must be computed a merry fellow ; for the haut-boys play before him almost every day in the year. The sprightly sound drags on the poor fellows thorow dirt and mire, whilst their commander looks to the right about on his ragged infantry with greater pleasure, than a priest surveys his illegitimate offspring.

Charm'd with this musick, the soldiers prove themselves not more insensible than sticks and stones, but dance at the discretion of the colonel ; yet it may be observ'd, that the captains of the regiment always pay the piper.

He can't give the least credit to the story of Alexander, who dreamed, when Ptolemy was wounded with a poison'd arrow, that he saw a herb in his sleep which would cure the wound, and assuage the malignant venom. When the king awaked, he described the herb, and ordered a search to be made after it. It was found, and upon applying it to the hurt, made good the sleeping fancy of the emperor. But this is Heathen Greek to our officer ; for he never dreams of the health, or welfare of his soldiers. He is sensible, that they fight for their pay, and are knocked on the head upon the same account ; so he never heeds whether they die or recover ; if they happen to kick up their heels, well and good, he sends his mirmidons to raise more. In the meantime he is so conscientious, that he would have all his underlings do their duty. No matter for
unnecessary

unnecessary toil and wounds, the common-wealth must have their penny-worth for their penny.

Yet, he has so much consideration for the good of the regiment, that if a gentleman goes into the land of forgetfulness, and the agent, or the government is deeply indebted to him, he takes care, that an executor be forth-coming, who very cautiously preserves the effects, which might otherwise have been sunk in oblivion, till the deceased comes to demand them.

If a young voluntier has some feature of his honour's countenance, he likes him never the worse for it; and perchance the lucky hint that may be taken from a nose, or an eye, may be a ladder to his preferment; admitting there be no vacancy in the regiment, it is easy to make one; and my spark of fifteen thrusts out one of fifty, who has bore many a brunt in Ireland and Flanders, to a pension or the college.

He who runs his head against stone-walls, may perhaps find his head broke; and he who contends with his colonel, will get little by the bargain. Tho' there is a martial law, yet these colonels, as an honest fellow said, are always tried by the troop; and they know how to give sentence, with as much justice as any judge at W——r.

It is true, now and then his honour is a little too rapacious, and does matters publickly, then a malecontent may nick the time, make the public good his pretence, and oblige his superior to do the nation justice in the chapel of St. Stephen.

If danger and plunder go together, he, for the most part, detaches some favourite officer, whose head, the thicker it is, the more he seems fit for the hazard of the enterprize. This is a particular honour, and a kindness into the bargain,

gain, to make use of his paw to draw the hot moveables out of danger. If the bluff tool succeeds, as 'tis a great question, his superior strips him of the whole; but what he loses in plunder, he's reasonably certain of in preferment.

If any saucy scoundrel be so resolute as to pretend to a share in the chattles, he's mark'd out as a person endeavouring to raise a mutiny in the army; and if he is not very circumspect in this matter, the provost, and his worship may be but too well acquainted.

Let the world think what they will of this action, 'tis a consummate piece of prudence and circumspection; for should a poor fellow have too much money in his pocket, he might be apt to get drunk, and neglect his duty. Besides, altogether it may be reckon'd a pretty round sum, and will serve well enough to make a figure with in winter quarters; and so he very wisely takes away the occasion of ill husbandry.

The agent would be greater than his master, and get into the parliament-house, before the other could purchase a chariot, if the Colonel would give him leave; but he's more a man of honour than to do so; for such an action would be wickedness without profit; the scribbling accountant would run away with all the gains, and leave them nothing more than the infamy.

These little misunderstandings are the happiness of a regiment, which never looks better, than when 'tis foul weather in those quarters; and quite contrary to the proverb, *Betwixt these two fools the soldier's A — keeps from the ground.*

He cloaths more poor souls, than ever Sir C ——— D ——— discharg'd out of prison; and in this, he resembles that honourable knight;
for

for the money, with which he acts this piece of charity, had its rise from the fountain of the government.

He keeps a table now and then to entertain a brother officer; at which, if a subaltern is admitted, he pays too dear for the poultry refreshment. He must be mute all the while at dinner, and hear the insufferable vanity of the inviter: Like Sir Crape, he must retire at the conclusion of the repast, whilst the colonel, and his brother take a cherrupping cup to arm their honours against danger; and 'tis very much, if this council of war breaks up till the powerful gods of wine and sleep make them prisoners.

They seldom talk of ancient generals, such as Marius, Phyrus, and Scipio: God knows whether there were ever such men, or no; if they can, they are not at leisure to read over Plutarch and Polybius; those were Pagans, and so they'll have nothing to do with them; they rather fall upon the behaviour of their subalterns, who are sure of being severely criticis'd upon, yet their aversions to them is not so great, but all may be made up with a present; and the youth fares never the worse, though he sets upon the colonel himself with a golden weapon.

But if people will be making distractions in an army, raising mutinies, and so forth, or inspecting into the actions of their betters, there's yet a way to be found to make them quiet. Letting blood is the best cure in the world for such mad men: Send these malecontents to an attack, or a siege, and the business is done. Dead men tell no stories.

He can foresee a storm, better than the master himself of a man of war; so he prudently lays

D

up

up against a rainy day. Let it blow high or low, and bluster through all the points of the compass, yet he dares stand the brunt; and can weather it too, if he's well ballanced with the oar of Potosi.

But after all's done and said, he must be a very good man; for he clothes the naked, pays them constantly, provides for vagrants, sets the poor on work, and defends them from their merciless creditors.

Of a LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

A Lieutenant-Colonel is, for the most part, a brave and honest fellow, till a regiment spoils him, and makes him heir to the caprices and extravagances, as well as the honours of his predecessors.

The airs of Kensington and Windsor can strangely influence human actions; and have a much greater power over the souls of mankind, than all the stars of the Arabians, or the planets of Ptolomy, Tycho Brahe, or Copernicus; for these imaginary worlds, after they have laid their heads together, and made two or three conjunctions, can only, by some astrological proxy, discover a thief when he has nimm'd a silver tankard, or a caudle-cup: But the royal climates I have mentioned, can, in an instant, transform an honest man into a sharper, by giving him a C——l's commission; or reduce the same animal from a lion to a lamb, by revoking a too easy concession.

He constantly plies in the drawing room at court, and his generals levy, with the same assiduity and submission, as a young batchelor of divinity

vinity, who cringes for preferment. He is as constant as the looking-glass in the apartments of his superior; and, like those deceitful mirrors, flatters all persons, who think it worth their while to make their addresses to him.

By his obliging air and civility, you'd think him as good-natur'd as a puppy-dog; but if ever he attains to the mark he drives at, ne'er a veteran in Christendom will surpass him for haughtiness and snarling.

His pride is like the farmer's dress put on by Monsieur Harlequin, in the Emperor of the Moon. He can, at his discretion, wear it, if he thinks fitting to appear a gentleman farmer; but if 'tis noxious to his interest, he can, with the same ease as that comical Italian, assume the figure of a plain baker, sitting in his cart, till he finds a better opportunity of reviving his pretensions.

By so often walking near the canal, he has learnt to conform his temper, by the prudence of his Majesty's ducks and widgeons: When company appears, that supercilious haughtiness now cover'd over with the veil of humility, dives out of sight; but as soon as the coast is clear, and he may safely shew himself in his natural colours, up again he starts above water.

Whenever he's colonel, he vows to live regularly: For now, as Sir John Falstaff says, he grows out of all compass; and then he protests he'll quit old scores, and make the vintners round St. James's easy in their arrears. But in the mean time, they must rest themselves contented, if the world looks awry. He knows how to protect them from their creditors, and excuse them from duty: So he makes them satisfaction him-

self, by putting them in a way of making no satisfaction to others.

Archimedes was so intentive on his studies, when Marcellus took the town of Syracuse, and so dumbfounded his head with mathematical lines and inventions, that he never took notice of the town's being taken; or of the rustical soldier, who soon after knock'd his brains out: And I'll engage, should a conquering party break in upon our officer in any of the houses of his resort about eleven in the evening, he'd as little stir for the matter; for 'tis odds about that hour, but his honour would be incapable of marching off.

But if a regiment does not fall into his hands, as sometimes we all know a brave fellow hangs an arse in the road of preferment, he streight casts about to mend his fortune by a stratagem. What does he, but lay siege to a rich widow, battering her port-holes with all the artillery he can raise, well knowing, that by one lucky thrust made upon such a party, he may as soon obtain a regiment, as by a thousand attacks on the enemy.

But if after some labour and attendance, he falls short of his aim, 'tis odds but he throws up his commission; and to beat his ill usage, (as he imagines) out of his head, for the rest of his life, whilst nature gives him leave, he puts himself upon the double duty of drinking and whoring.

Of a MAJOR.

A Major is the pilot of the regiment, who is, or should be, as good an officer as any in it. He, like the master in a Man of War, if he happens to steer amiss, the battalion is as likely to perish by fire, as the floating castle by water.

He gives the Word of Command with as majestic an air, as a sea-captain bids his steward bring up dinner. His voice sounds as deep as a kettle-drum; and you may easily imagine what the cask contains by its rumbling.

The soldier apprehends his cane, as much as the poor sailors do the cat of nine tails of the boatswain; and upon the motion of this mathematical instrument; a poor fellow shall outstrip the wind, whilst he runs the gauntlet through the regiment; for needs must he go, whom the devil drives.

Tho' you'd think him half a parson, by his continually bidding the battalion to have a care, yet his reconciling temper is not to be so much rely'd on; for the regiment seldom parts without falling by his means into divisions.

His horse can stand fire as well as his soldiers, and performs all his paces as regularly, as the corporals do their exercise; so that philosophers are divided, whether he, or an unmanageable soldier, be the discreeter animal.

His horse is generally a Barb, either by birth, or extraction; and though he has no more religion than his rider, yet he makes as many bows as a Franciscan to an image.

'Tis reported of Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander,

lexander, that he us'd, upon all occasions, to kneel down, in order to take up his royal master: But this horse of the Major's has got as good a trick, for he kneels to set him down.

By his constant exercises, you'd think him a very regular man; but every thing at first sight is not to be depended on: Notwithstanding all his rules and directions, 'tis much if he lives not at rack and manger.

He can play more tricks with the regiment, than a jugler with a pack of cards; and draw it into more figures, lines, and triangles, than the best mathematician in London is acquainted with. But the poor fellows, mean while, have a rare time of it, and must bear a thousand fatigues, to shew the Major's experience in the art military; and after all is done, he uses them as gamesters do their counters; when he has set them up and down, and play'd with them at his discretion, at last having not the game, that is, the reputation of a skilful soldier, he throws them by, and they may be burnt, or go to the devil, for any thing he cares for the scoundrels.

If he's very severe over his rake-shames, he may fare never the better for it. Chevalier was an instance of what a barbarous officer may expect. And I'd advise a gentleman, who is too free of his cane, when he comes to action, to post himself in the rear of the regiment.

Tho' he exercises the regiment to a nicety, yet his wife complains very much of his conduct; and frequently, over a dram of the bottle, tells her gossiping companions, how much he neglects his duty; and indeed, the ruby-fac'd lady commands the whole battalion, as Themistocles's son govern'd all Athens; for the Major gives

gives orders to the regiment, and the lady orders him as she pleases; and notwithstanding his being a pushing man, she can beat him at his own weapon.

This She-Major mentions the regiment with as many endearing expressions, as if it was her lap-dog; and by calling it so often our Dear Battalion, and our poor regiment, you'd think by her kindness to it, each of the members of this collected body, had made a campaign in her braunny quarters.

Of a CAPTAIN of the GUARDS.

A Captain of the Guards bears a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and takes post as such, according to his superiority. This all arrive to by their purchase or merit; but there are but few of the later.

When gentlemen of quality have run out their estates, they frequently seek a refuge in the Guards; and purchasing one of these warm employments, hope to retrieve their fortunes, by plundering other peoples.

Many younger brothers of our best families, think this post a blessing; and if they can by any means obtain it, they are above laying leg over a widow, though she was an only child, and her father went to the devil.

But it often falls out, that Nature, as well as Fortune, qualifies a young spark for this employment; and if the lucky page supplies the chaplain's duty with a good grace, and administers some bodily consolation to his ancient lady, presently a commission in the Guards is look'd out for him;

lexander, that he us'd, upon all occasions, to kneel down, in order to take up his royal master: But this horse of the Major's has got as good a trick, for he kneels to set him down.

By his constant exercises, you'd think him a very regular man; but every thing at first sight is not to be depended on: Notwithstanding all his rules and directions, 'tis much if he lives not at rack and manger.

He can play more tricks with the regiment, than a jugler with a pack of cards; and draw it into more figures, lines, and triangles, than the best mathematician in London is acquainted with. But the poor fellows, mean while, have a rare time of it, and must bear a thousand fatigues, to shew the Major's experience in the art military; and after all is done, he uses them as gamesters do their counters; when he has set them up and down, and play'd with them at his discretion, at last having not the game, that is, the reputation of a skilful soldier, he throws them by, and they may be burnt, or go to the devil, for any thing he cares for the scoundrels.

If he's very severe over his rake-shames, he may fare never the better for it. Chevalier was an instance of what a barbarous officer may expect. And I'd advise a gentleman, who is too free of his cane, when he comes to action, to post himself in the rear of the regiment.

Tho' he exercises the regiment to a nicety, yet his wife complains very much of his conduct; and frequently, over a dram of the bottle, tells her gossiping companions, how much he neglects his duty; and indeed, the ruby-fac'd lady commands the whole battalion, as Themistocles's son govern'd all Athens; for the Major gives

gives orders to the regiment, and the lady orders him as she pleases; and notwithstanding his being a pushing man, she can beat him at his own weapon.

This She-Major mentions the regiment with as many endearing expressions, as if it was her lap-dog; and by calling it so often our Dear Battalion, and our poor regiment, you'd think by her kindness to it, each of the members of this collected body, had made a campaign in her brauny quarters.

Of a CAPTAIN of the GUARDS.

A Captain of the Guards bears a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and takes post as such, according to his superiority. This all arrive to by their purchase or merit; but there are but few of the later.

When gentlemen of quality have run out their estates, they frequently seek a refuge in the Guards; and purchasing one of these warm employments, hope to retrieve their fortunes, by plundering other peoples.

Many younger brothers of our best families, think this post a blessing; and if they can by any means obtain it, they are above laying leg over a widow, though she was an only child, and her father went to the devil.

But it often falls out, that Nature, as well as Fortune, qualifies a young spark for this employment; and if the lucky page supplies the chaplain's duty with a good grace, and administers some bodily consolation to his ancient lady, presently a commission in the Guards is look'd out for him;

him; some friends advance the money, and he fees himself possess'd of a company, without stopping (as a great many good fellows are forc'd to do) at the avenues of ensign and lieutenant.

Thus, stinking of the oase from whence he came, and having been successful over the ladies, he hopes to meet with the same good fortune amongst the men; so neglecting his superior officers, and treating his inferior with insolence, and ill breeding, he's at last call'd before a court-martial by one, and behind Southampton-House by the other, and is forc'd by lies and base submission, to compound with both for his remissness and brutality.

He would make an excellent partizan, for he knows every magazine of good provision from Soho to Spittlefields, which the French are possess'd of; and they can hardly dress a dish of good meat, but he has immediate intelligence; and before upon the first notice, he marches out to fall in with the detachment of those who guard the convoy to the table; and by the force of his club, never goes away without share of the belly-plunder.

Out of pure affection to his Majesty, he drinks his health as he would his mistress's, and generally topos so long, that his body becomes as feverish as his mind; not that he cares a soue for the liquor, but he does it out of a politick consideration, and a respect for the government, that the poor fellow of the house may be able to pay his taxes, and the merchant no loser by the importation of wines; fir'd with which, he takes a whim over night to change into a battalion abroad; but the next morning growing cooler, he's

he's contented with attacking the French at Pontack's.

He little esteems a soldier, who sometimes works, and sometimes does duty. He's of the same opinion of the satyr, that such a one blows hot and cold, and that the industrious scoundrel can't well perform his obligation to two masters; therefore he dismisses his duty, and receives his pay, out of pure respect to the public, because the government should not be cheated, by paying its money to a fellow who performs his work but by halves.

To shew himself a person who is not factious, or inclinable to espouse parties, he neither goes to church or meeting; so all the world must allow him to be a moderate man. If he was to visit one of them, most certainly 'twould be the church, because his Majesty constantly repairs thither. And whatever you may judge of his parts, he knows the world so well, as not to stickle against occasional conformity.

But to say he never goes to church, is an error. Now and then, but very seldom, he is seen there; it is chiefly with a pious intent to shew his fine cloaths, and to thank God he is free from danger.

He never concerns himself at robberies, or burglaries; the more the merrier: And he is able by dint of logick to convince you, that the more thieves and pick-pockets the better. Indeed, he does not much care for that P——t call'd an agent; but as for the other sorts of harmless refugees, he likes them well enough; for upon their being found guilty at the Old Bailey, their lot is to be sent into the service; and he is in hopes, that some of them may fall to
his

his share, who are sure of being quickly draughted out for Flanders, or elsewhere abroad; and by that means, his honour has it in his power to keep his faggots in his cellar; from which he can raise a better penny, than e'er a coal merchant in the city, or suburbs.

Not long since a blockhead of a serjeant had so little knowledge of his business, as to detach an old stander in the Guards for another country, where he might have had an opportunity of signalizing his courage, and shewing his skill in military affairs. The Fellow was unwilling to leave his trusting friends at Windsor, Kensington, and St. James's; besides, he could not tell, but his Majesty's poultry in the Park, might have been purloin'd in his absence: So the veteran made a demur upon the matter, and address'd himself to his Captain, who very severely reprimanded the officiousness of the serjeant, and flew out in a passion; *D—— him, said he, what a rascal my serjeant is, to pitch upon a poor fellow to go abroad, who has been these twenty years in the Guards, and never march'd further than Portsmouth.*

He marches with as much gravity before his scarlet infantry, as a judge round the Temple-Charcoal upon some holy-day of note; and no wonder that his gait is slow and heavy, when he's loaded with a dozen dead men in each pocket. But the muster-roll is the only place you shall hear of any persons reduc'd by him to that condition. No, he's a man of too much good nature to be always in mischief; and for that reason, and out of pure loyalty, he stays on this side the water, and scatters his Maker's image thro' all the corners of Great Britain; and as your Heroick fighting coxcombs murder abroad, he

re-

repairs the race of mankind at home, by a lusty, and vigorous application.

He knows how to protect a broken shop-keeper from the county goal, or the terrible paws of an escape-warrant, provided always the fellow is not so much a bankrupt, but that he has reserv'd a small acknowledgment for this officer, as thieves do for their Ordinary; and so far understands himself, as to make a present of his pay, instead of receiving any.

His company is a rendezvous of peaceable men; amongst whom, you may be sure to meet with more that eat his Majesty's bread, than do his duty: And if any appear with the unsightly marks of wounds or bastinadoes, one may venture to assert, they were made with weapons no longer than a candlestick, chamber pot, or flaggon, or were receiv'd in a field in which a green tuft of grass was never known to flourish.

Don Quixot, like a hardy knight as he was, made nothing of putting to flight whole regiments of black and white infantry: But our modern hero, during the course of his life-time, has devour'd more of those bleating regiments, than ever were slain by Don de la Mancha.

He has another property too, very much resembling that destroyer of giants; for as the Don would pay no castle-rent, so he is as little inclinable to satisfy the demands of his taylor, barber, or lodging: For, with that famous knight, he never heard of any warrior in Romance, who us'd to pay such a sort of tribute; and he scorns to be impos'd on, more than e'er a Spanish chevalier of them all.

After Ajax had fought a single combat with Hector, Agamemnon, the commanding officer,
gave

gave him for supper a good piece of beef: But how many rencounters, by this rule, has our hero met with, who is never known to sit down to dinner without half a dozen dishes of meat.

What with good eating and drinking, he becomes as heavy an ars'd Christian, as ever wanted a shove from the prick of repentance; and tho' a man would imagine him no very airy person by that cart-load of honour he carries about him, yet he is not so weighty neither, but that he's perpetually attempting to leap over the heads of his elder brethren.

He aims at a regiment, as much as an old serjeant does to sit upon the bench; but then it is for a regiment that may stay at home, and garrison Plymouth, Portsmouth, or the Tower; to one of which, he pretends a good title to be governor; having receiv'd several wounds from French weapons, while he lay entrench'd in those impregnable fortresses.

Notwithstanding, tho' he is none of the best livers, yet he does not in the least apprehend going to the devil, because he never sent any body thither himself, either friend or foe, at home or abroad, unless it were by curses and execrations; and as for those, he may set his heart at rest, heaven never regards them; they are e'en as harmless as his rapier.

To look upon his muster-rolls, you'd think his company as full as his glass, which is always a brimmer, provided the wine be good; and that he kept some super-numeraries against unlook'd-for occasions. But, alas! the lean fellows who mount the guard, can tell you another story; and the poor souls, to their costs, find but one relief of duty-men, and are only oblig'd to take
their

their turn at St. James's six days in the week, and the seventh's thrown into the bargain.

Thus he lives without thoughts of death, tho' no person more apprehends dying than himself; till having ramm'd down his gun with too great a charge of good provision, the over-loaded piece recoils, and nature flies into extravagancies; and at length his pulse, by beating too violent a march, is forc'd to halt altogether, and death makes him prisoner, without the hope of returning upon his parole of honour.

But before this fortress surrender'd without colours flying, to a greater conqueror than Tamerlane, the spiritual surgeon was sent for, to heal the wounds of his conscience, who, probing the hurt, finds him insensible. A mortification follows of course, and he goes among the heroes of antiquity.

The brothers of the blade, you may be sure, condole his departure, the regiment meets, and march as regularly as burnt claret and sack will give them leave, to his grave, the trench of all his glory; where they discharge a loud volley, and bury him like, what he never was, a soldier, and a Christian.

Of an AID DE CAMP.

AN Aid de Camp is the shadow of a general-officer; he follows his steps wherever he goes, with as much fidelity and diligence, as Trey, or Venus do their masters. He is sure to carry the general's commands, whether it be to order an attack, or to bring up a dinner

E

He

He admires a general who can conquer without bloodshed; for a battle may endanger himself and his master: And he has always so much fidelity for the last, that he desires he may sleep in a whole skin, out of a sincere affection to the former.

He would not change his post, when on this side of the water, for any beneath the dignity of a colonel, he finds so many appurtenances belonging to it; and notwithstanding the government allows him ten shillings a day, yet with the help of his master's favour, he knows how to get almost as much money as the agent.

He's a wonderful consolation to the chaplain, to the page, and the gentleman; who, were it not for his intervention, would be sent of a thousand sleeveless errands, to no purpose.

Evil company, they say, corrupts good manners; but he is in no danger of having his morals spoil'd, by incurring the penalty of this proverb; for he is seldom but in good company, unless when he is alone.

He's entitled to a neice of his excellency's (as a chaplain to his patron's waiting-maid) with no goods or chatels, but what are so well stow'd near her keel, that they'll be six months after marriage before they can be haul'd out. Thro' the means of this lady, and winking at a few slips he sees committed by his officer, he need no more fear getting a regiment, if his Excellency's interest can procure him one, than a doctor need doubt of being consecrated a dean, if his heart and his purse do not fail him.

Of a PARTIZAN.

HE is a gentleman, who, by often beating the roads here in England, becomes capable of his employment abroad; and by borrowing of his friends, he got the way of knowing the better how to plunder his enemies. 'Tis true, he was once in the fuds by the capriciousness of Fortune, and he had like to have sail'd no farther than Paddington; but the fickle jilt smil'd again, and he was order'd for Flanders, and at one hit obtain'd his life, and an opportunity of shewing his good qualities in the service of the government.

Thanks to our good stars, there are no Partizans in England: They are a sort of thistles, which won't endure the coolness of our Northern climate; they more delight in a sulphureous air, and a fiery region, such as the territories about Lille, and the chattellany of Ypres. But if Fate had permitted them the liberty of setting up their trade here in England, what glorious earnings would they have made of it! I dare venture a wager, that ten miles round London would have given them a nobler booty, than all the Faux-bourghs of Flanders, or Germany.

He has generally an independant company, who morode, steal, and plunder at the discretion of their leader. If he's a young beginner, and not thoroughly acquainted with his business, he only robs the French, and raises contributions in their country; but if time and experience has settled his brains, and let him into the secrets of his

profession, he plunders the richest of both parties; for they are properly his enemies.

He's a privateer; so 'tis none of his business to set upon any, but such as are like to fall a-stern, when they see him bear down: But Lord, how he trembles, when he sees the ambuscade! A thousand times more than a poor whore, who finds her lover, upon shutting the door, chang'd into an informing constable.

Of all things in nature, he hates a provost worse than a general does a Chelsea-pensioner, who was once hail fellow well met with his honour. This is the enemy he fears most, and which gives his party the least quarter; for no sooner does he take his men prisoners, but to reward all their valour, he obliges them to mount the ladder of preferment.

Yet, it often falls out, that Partizan and provost, like thief and thief-catcher, understand one another well enough; and if the first takes care to preserve a conscience in his dealings, and keep touch with the military-constable, he may ravage as large and wide as he pleases, under the very nose of the general.

He is often sent to guard our convoys from the enemy; but on such occasions, there wants another party to protect it from the convoy itself; as our ensurers on the Exchange must be ensur'd upon; if the merchant is not inclinable to sustain a loss both by sea, and on the shore.

He never is in a better humour, than when he has secur'd the magistrates of some town, in expectation of a good ransom. Away he goes to jolly Kate the jutler's, and spends in a night's time, as many patacoens as would maintain all the

the families of the states of Holland for a whole month.

He is sufficiently satisfy'd, that the Catholicks know well enough how to equivocate with hereticks; so he takes care, when he falls into their quarters, to put the question home to the poor peasants; and notwithstanding their jesuitical evasions, he always finds such powerful arguments, that he possesses himself of the treasure; which he is not so bigotted to, as to make an idol of it. No, he trucks it away for more holy Geneva; inspir'd with which, he dare fight the Whore of Babylon, and all her bullies put together.

Thus he lives, till some ruin'd boor takes him napping, or takes him over the noddle with a brace of balls from a place of conveniency; or whilst a peace, which sets up other trades, ruins his profession. When that day of doom comes, and lawful robbery is no more, he quits the melancholy woods, once the scene of his pleasures, and returns into England, where he sets up a branch of his old calling; but unfortunately being catch'd by the garrison of Newgate, he is forc'd to mount the wooden horse of Tyburn.

Of a S P Y.

A Spy, and a Partizan are as well link'd together, as an Hostler and a Thief; and what booty the cut-purse takes by the force of his intelligence, is conscientiously divided betwixt him who fought, and he who look'd after the baggage.

But 'tis below the dignity of your Spy of Honour, to trouble himself about plunder; he leaves that part of the business to a parcel of poor fel-

lows, whose intelligence reaches no higher than where a rich boor may be found, a few horses, or a herd of black cattel; and to say the truth, are scarce worth the rope that hangs them.

The state sufficiently pays this daring informer for the news he brings, if of consequence; and he'll tell you, good husbandry to him, is the greatest piece of folly that a general can commit; and that intelligence is the only guide, which can direct an army to safety, honour, and success.

No body doubts of his being a bold fellow; for he dares look death and the devil every day in the face; being as sure to be hang'd if he is caught in the fact, notwithstanding all his money, as a rogue here in England is to escape the gallows, if he was wherewith to bribe a friend in a corner.

The frequent executions he sees of his friends, and his enemies, who are brothers of the trade, make just the same impression on him, as a hanging-day upon a pick-pocket; and he improves the catastrophe much to the same purpose; both mind their business in the fatal hour, and the one steals your money at such a time, and the other your secrets.

Tho' his life is usually spent in the tents of the wicked, and amongst those whose hands are swift to shed blood; yet, for his own part, he may be reckon'd a man of a religious life and conversation, for he takes care what paths he treads in, and very often numbers his days.

He is certainly no traitor, tho' he holds correspondence with our enemies abroad; and I dare aver, that he is as little guilty of misprision; for he never hears of any thing of importance against the state, but he discovers it.

He knows all the avenues of both camps, their
situ-

situations and defences, as well as Dr. Ratcliff did the way to the Vine-Tavern in Long-Acre; but if the fool knew himself half so well as he does other people, he'd soon cry old shoes and brooms, before he'd run to hell upon any body's errands.

Ne'er a fox in the forrest of Arden, or wood of Soignies, is acquainted with more turnings and windings, more defences, and places to earth in, than himself; but had he learnt the sagacity of that creature, as he has a few of his tricks, he'd open shop with some other employment.

Like a lawyer, or a high-way-man, if ever he breaks, he must break his neck, or have a pretty circle round it; and that's much to the same purpose: But this profession may boast of one thing as a particular happiness, that upon failing in the world, he who deals in intelligence, and such manufactures, never sees so great villains as the gaolers of the King's Bench, and the Compters, though 'tis his fate to fall under the hands of a hangman.

He sells his merchandize as dear as any body, and can't in conscience afford it cheaper; and tho' for the most part, to appearance, it only consists in ginger-bread and brandy, yet, with this small stock, by the help of his stock of impudence, if God grants him length of days, and health, he'll grow as rich as a lucky Captain of a man of war.

But as, sometimes, this merchant of news puts on the equipage of a poor boor or peasant, so at other times he accouters himself in the habit of their clergy, exposes their gods, and confesses persons in health, as well as those who are in a sickly condition; and in this you can't blame the
ripper-

ripper-up of secrets; for he does no more than other good politicians, that is, cover his roguery under the veil of religion.

He ought to be a good Christian; for he can't tell how soon his hour may come; nor can he in reason expect to die any other way, than betwixt heaven and earth; so he usually makes harvest whilst the sun shines, takes a dram of his own comfortable liquor; and as for repentance, he hopes there's time enough for that; being sure of a few minutes for confession.

If he dies hard, worthy his ancestors, as his father, perchance, and his grandfather did before him (for such has been the fate of many a family amongst the Walloons and Flanderkins) the brothers of the night, when met together in safety, sing his praises for a brave fellow, and drink to his immortal reputation in brandy-wine, and Geneva.

Of a CAPTAIN.

BY the partiality of Fortune, as he imagines, he is in no higher rank than of a Captain; but if you dare give him credit, he deserves a superior post: For he can exercise his company as well as e'er a general in Christendom; knows their wheelings, their doublings, and their facings, as if he had been got upon a drumhead, and nurs'd by a she-campaigner.

He says, 'tis a thousand pities that we have generals, who never were private centinels; and affirms, that both the army and navy would be much better manag'd, if your soldier of fortune was only

ly encourag'd in the one, and your true tarpaulin in the other.

He has a damnable aversion to learning and sense, believing, that either of them renders a man effeminate, and spoils his being a hero: And to acknowledge the truth, the heroes of antiquity were a sort of bluff, illiterate, fighting fellows, whom he'd fain imitate; therefore he thanks God, that he was so discreet as to play the truant when at school; for had he been such a pedant, as to have been able to have read his Testament, and cast accounts well, his father had put him out to some handicraft trade, and there had been an end of the Captain.

He is so much a gentleman, that he hates a mechanick; especially a fellow who has not the good manners to trust an officer of the army. He conceives, that denying him a credit, is an affront to his Majesty; and, if ever the civil power falls into military hands, he's resolv'd to secure such an infidel, and his effects, supposing both him, and his chattels disaffected to the government.

Yet, notwithstanding his being a rough soldier, he has so much address, as to make his court at St. James's; after he has first paid his duty to his wife, who, poor creature, during his absence, has taken as much pains to repair the race of mankind, as ever her hero did to destroy it.

But notwithstanding his perriwig-maker, and taylor have done all they can to furnish his exterior apartments, yet his inward rooms remain empty; and wanting sense both to manage himself and his trappings, at his general's levy, he becomes as odd a figure as a parson in jack-boots; so not being able to stand a volley of eye-shot, he
very

very fairly wheels about, curses the pride of great men, which take so little notice of his merit, and retreats streight to some ale-house near Charing-Cross without beat of drum.

Tho' he dare stand cannon-shot, or musket-ball, as firmly as e'er a post in the city, or suburbs, yet he does not much care to engage with a small sword, and thinks it sufficient to fight death at one weapon only; for this reason, he'd sooner mount a counterscarp, than take a breathing in Red-Lyon-Fields, tho' the honour of the regiment was in jeopardy.

Thus, being oblig'd to suppress his ill nature amongst his acquaintance and companions, for fear of an after-reckoning, he swells till he is ready to burst; till luckily meeting with two or three of his rake-hells, he gives himself vent, and attacks their sconces, cane in hand most courageously; for notwithstanding his aversion to duels in general, he loves rencounters well enough, where one of the combatants only lays about him.

As old Janus of the Romans, had a double face, so our Captain has a brace of physiognomies; an humble sneaking one to his superiors, and a faucy, hectoring, domineering countenance to his vassals; but he is far from being charg'd with the foresight, or prudence of that fictitious deity, for he never sees before, nor behind him.

He loves Winter more than priests do private L——y; for in that he receives the fruits of his campaigning; a round sum of money from the agent, the title of Noble Captain from his landlord, and a young soldier from his lady, to perpetuate the memory of so illustrious a family: But if christening the young one, or getting another,

ther, had been the main motives of his journey, he might have e'en stay'd where he was, the business might have been done without him.

He bears a mortal hatred to his ensign, because he pretends to be a gentleman, which he thinks an unsufferable affront to his dignity, very well knowing his father was so far from having a coat of arms, that his best apparel was a leather jacket, which yet could not defend him from the fury of some black, and white enemies.

But if he carries a grudge against his subaltern, he has yet a greater against his major; not on the same score as he has against the former, but for the many dry blows he receiv'd from his hands, when the one was agitant, and the other only a corporal in the battalion.

He has heard some scholars discourse of Marius, how he rais'd himself to be five times consul, from working as a journey-man carpenter, and exercising the ax and the quadrant. Such a one, he says, was a general indeed; and was he inclin'd to idolatry, he'd sooner worship him, than e'er a carpenter mention'd in the Bible.

You'd think him a man of worth, or quality, by always having the word Honour in his mouth; but he has no more worth than a Dutchman has breeding, or a P——ze courage; and as for his honour, it is just as much as a great lord has in his heart, or a great lady in her tail.

As a citizen's wife thought herself more religious for having her Bible clasp'd with silver, so he thinks himself braver for being ty'd to a sword with a hilt of that metal; which, like his courage, he puts on one day in seven, for fear of wearing it out.

He is always telling you what a Talmaish he
was

was, during the last wars with France; but for all his bravadoes, there was ne'er an Irish-man in the army had swifter heels than his worship, at the battles of Steinkirk and Landen.

Of all things in nature, next to himself, he loves a Middlesex-justice; such a one as is well-affected to the government, and shews his veneration for it; by sending all who come before him into the service. The Captain, and he is always well meet, hand in glove, and agree together better than a ballad-finger, and a pick-pocket.

He considers, that a parcel of poor tradesmen are but a charge to the parish; and that one beggar begets another; so he has charity enough, under some pretence of employment, to get them made drunk, and to cram a shilling into their pockets; his serjeant swears they were fairly list-ed, and a vestry confirms his management next morning.

But if the gentleman commission'd for the peace, refuses to be civil to the gentleman commission'd for the war, and finds him human provision for powder and gun-shot, Lord bless us! how furious is the Captain? He swears he'll revenge the indignity, by caning the magistrate, and falling upon his daughters: But he need not be in such a heat, the ladies fear not his resentments, or all the attacks he can make with either of his weapons.

He knows more constables than an informer, and is in fee with as many of them, as a t'other end of the town bawd; and in this her fat ladyship has more honour than the Captain; for she pays her civility to the midnight-officer, to save her military girls from Bridwell, or Newgate;
and

and he makes his presents to 'send his underlings to the Marshal-sea, or the Savoy.

The constable always finds the Captain his friend; and whilst that terror of drunkenness is abroad, the kind soldier does his duty at home; and with his good wife is as busy in raising recruits one way, as the well-affected husband is the other.

Thus the Captain makes a merchandize of the subject, and sends more men abroad, than Oliver did, after the battle of Worcester, to the West-Indies. He visits the goals as constantly as the Ordinary does Newgate; and his presence is near as ominous to the prisoners.

For as one dismisses his taterdemalions at the tripple-tree, after a psalm and a few ejaculations, so the other sends his rogues in red, with some promises of preferment abroad; and truly it is a hard matter, to guess whether those from Newgate, or the Savoy, go into the more combustible climate.

Thus, having run through all the arts and intrigues of his post, he at last arrives to a perfection in good husbandry; by which he preserves every thing but his reputation amongst the soldiers, and the character of a good officer amongst his superiors: So, despis'd by those above him, and neither lov'd or fear'd by those below him, he lives till age, or some mean action, dismisses him from his post, or a friendly bullet sends him packing to those regions, where he'll neither meet with free quarters, pay, nor plunder.

Of a LIEUTENANT.

A Lieutenant, like Duke Stephano in the Tempest, is viceroy of the whole island, under Trinculo, the captain; and he is just such a clear-headed gentleman, and equally worthy of his post, as his superior.

His wife, some years go, sold ginger-bread and apples, to the great comfort of his Majesty's Black guard: But, upon a-march, having rais'd a sufficient stock to purchase a dram of the bottle, with the prudent management of that, and her other commodities, she procur'd her husband a halbert; and his healthful constitution befriended him with a Lieutenantancy in the West-Indies.

Out of pure gratitude, he loves rum and brandy, as a sailor does flip and a bawdy-house; for their kind assistance in expelling the dry gripes soon after his promotion in America; without the cordial help of which, his ruby-fac'd honour had never cast anchor again amongst the distillers and brandy-shops of Charing-cross, and St. James's.

He views his gilt corslet, as a needy fellow does his watch, upon all occasions; and the one thinks this little piece of armour a proof of his courage, as the other imagines his tatler an argument of his riches; but they are both a couple of vain-glorious hypocrites; for as the one runs away with his little curiafs upon his breast, so the other starves with his moveable in his pocket.

He beats his soldiers constantly, as often as time and place give him an opportunity; not for any neglect in their duty, or any malicious grudge

to their persons ; but rather out of custom, remembering how often he felt the oaken towel of his lieutenant and serjeant, in the days that he us'd to guard fruition in St. James's Park.

To say the truth, tho' Lilly himself had been alive, he could never have foretold his advancement ; and 'tis hard to assign a reason, why he was made a commission'd officer, unless it be, that commissions, upon his accession to that dignity, were as plentiful as whores in a sea-port town ; or that his officer got him preferr'd, to get rid of such a blockhead ; as the C——y got their S——y the dignity of a B———, to be rid of his folly and impertinence.

Whatever he thinks himself cut out for, Nature design'd him a black-smith, or some such clean profession. His face denotes the loftiness of his mind, and is the exact mirror of his soul ; and 'tis positive, let him be ever so much a man, he cannot be deem'd the image of the Almighty.

Ambition, the plague of heroes, ne'er disturb'd his quiet ; he is far from any thoughts of grandeur ; the utmost extent of all his wishes, is to live well when the wars are ended. If this may be effected, let them cease as soon as they please, it will never break his heart ; for his temper naturally inclines him to the butt, and peace.

If his good fortune fails him, and he happens at the end of the war, to be reduc'd to half-pay, he thanks heaven still ; and is so good a Christian, as to be contented in his condition. He streight lowers his sail, and hoists up a sign of the Broken Trooper, the Punch-Bowl, or some such witty device ; and yet you're sure of finding him encamp'd near the horse-guards ; where you'll meet him ty'd to his blue flag, and as proud of

that linen-ensign, as an over-grown school-boy of a pair of colours.

Of an ENSIGN.

AN Ensign is usually a young gentleman, who pass'd thro' all the classes of his education handsomely enough, and was ripe for the university, being design'd for a clergy-man; but unfortunately happening to be caught a-bed with one of his mother's chamber-maids, the scene was chang'd, and the young spark was doom'd to the army.

But sometimes it falls out otherwise, and a foot-man, who knew how to procure his honour a little relishing bit for supper, is preferr'd to this post; for his Lordship thinks it as important a piece of service to provide for the government's ministers at home, as 'tis to combat the nation's enemies abroad.

He has heard, that the God of war was inclin'd to the fair sex, and had an affair with an honest fellow's wife; so he imagines, that he must resemble him in his qualities, as he does in his profession; and for that reason, my young gentleman has always a madam at his service. But this difference appears in their amours; for Mars always made presents to his adorable doxy, and our modern soldier gets what he can from his trull of Covent Garden; and the humane trollop certainly spends upon his back, whatever she can get by her belly.

He's a man of sense, if a youth of eighteen can be call'd one; for his judgment appears in the well management of his sword, and the next tying
his

his fash; and he's as sure of making the ladies prisoners, by the charms of his garniture, as he is of captivating the men by the force of his arms.

He would make an excellent Endymion, but that he's a little too leud for the conversation of Diana; and he has learnt so many tricks from mother Cromwell, and Mrs Quarles, that his lady aunt, or vertuous cousin, are asham'd of his company, and forc'd to take up with their chaplains.

He has courage enough, and is never shy of shewing it, especially to the ladies; with whom he engages at first sight, like the combatants of his Majesty's Bear-Garden: But they are generally too hard for him at his own weapons; so he is forc'd to retire from the field of battle, and pitches his tents with Dr. Peters, or Dr. Marten.

Whether his father got him with a gust, or his mother shook him from her nerves, as Machiavel expresses himself in Cæsar Borgia, is a question; but most certainly he lays about him, like those venerable bastards of antiquity, like a Hercules, a Theseus, or Sarpedon.

He changes happiness for honour, as Indians truck their gold for glass; and ventures his life, as they do their riches, not for the sake of his country, but for a bubble; which is yet weightier in the ballance than himself.

'Tis true, he's brave enough, but that bravery borders upon rashness; that fiery element rules in his temper, which is predominant in all fighting fellows. He has but one of Janus's faces, pushes forwards, and seldom looks behind.

But Fortune is pleas'd with such young sparks; and, like a lady, is woo'd and won by your brawny, senesch hero, and lavishes on them herself

laurels ; which ought to be the reward of age, or an extraordinary vertue.

Of an ADJUTANT.

AN Adjutant is a sort of a sub-major ; so you may be sure he comes near his principal, in most of his good qualities ; and is no further remov'd from his haughtiness and pride, than he is from the post and rank which the other is possess'd of.

He can shew more turns and doublings with his ragged infantry, than the craftiest fox in Christendom ; and yet he'd think it a very signal affront to his character, to be call'd a Double Dealer.

He can exercise as well as the elephant in Bartholomew-fair, fire a piece as dexterously, and toss off a glass of wine at command ; and after all, with respect to his honour, tho' that animal wants his hands and his heels, yet he is much stronger in his head.

If he's a good Adjutant (as such a thing may be, miracles not being ceas'd) you may depend upon it he grows old in the post ; and like a serjeant in the guards, is sure to continue so, whilst he and the regiment are contemporaries ; for it would be a flaw in military-policy, if the colonel should refuse a round sum of two, or three hundred guineas, and spoil a good Adjutant, to make a bad Captain.

If you should see him a-stride of his Irish garon, in a bob-wig, ty'd up with a scarlet ribbon, you'd think him a prince ; and so he is in his own conceit, when he's distributing orders to the battalion ;
and

and if he gives place to any person at such a time, 'tis not for want of pride, but courage.

But as soon as the triumphs of the day are over, and his herd of tall fellows separate to their respective cellars and garrets, their drabs and their doxies, the man is quite metamorphos'd, and contentedly betakes himself to some ale-house, or brandy-shop, with all the humility imaginable.

His cane works as many wonders as the rod of Moses: It cures the scurvy and lameness, as well as St. Winifred's well, or cold bath: It makes a cripple walk, and a lame fellow run as nimble as a roe upon the mountains: Tho' for pains in the limbs, it can't be reckon'd very sanative, being like Mercury, more apt to fix, than repel them.

The truth is, he's a terrible fellow to all the serjeants of the regiment, but those that have a right understanding with him; and they seem to dread him worse than hell; for they will sometimes give each other to the devil, but are never once so daring in their anger, as to wish the Adjutant may take him into his clutches.

He fancies himself the best head in the army; and would have you believe, that the battalion had been broken an hundred times, but that his discipline preserv'd it; not but that he'll acknowledge his superiors to be tolerable good officers; but, alas! they want the main point: *For shew me the general, says he, who can form a battalion into a hollow square, or learn a raw fellow how to handle his arms, charge his piece woll, and handle his fuzee with such a grace, as would make a lady die to look on him.*

He's mighty apt to fly into a passion, without the least reason; and if a serjeant mistakes a term
upon

upon his exercising a file of new men, he corrects the error very smartly, with the dint of his irresistible oaken plant; of which he is always very liberal, being much more profuse of his blows to his own men, than he is to the enemy.

He understands each term of war, as well as Dr. Knipe did the Grammar, or Mr. Walker the Particles; and like our modern school-men, he beats his head so much about divisions, that truly he understands but very little of any thing else.

He's a hurry-durry blade, much like the Bay of Biscay, always rough and stormy; and nothing but good quarters can make him easy and facetious, especially where he has a great store of meat and drink, and no commanding officer; or, at least, a very raw one to supervise him; then you shall see him dress'd out in all his pride, with such an air of martial gaiety in his countenance, as appears in that of an heroick Ald — n's, upon a skirmish between his trained bands in the Artillery-ground.

Of a QUARTER-MASTER.

A Quarter-Master's chief business is to take up quarters for the officers, and private men, with a particular regard to his own emolument and advantage, to receive the king's pay as constantly as 'tis paid, and to fight when he can't help it.

He knows how to burn a small town, or a village, as well as e'er a partizan in Flanders; but is above making use of fire or faggot to that purpose. He leaves that ordinary way to your dragoon, or meroder. He has only an understand-
ing

ing with the constable, and the commanding officer of the battalion ; together they make up the matter : The poor fellows, for their parts, march forward ; and not one of the three loses by the bargain.

He verily believes transubstantiation himself, and maintains it as an orthodox opinion ; for he can make an individual be resident in forty several quarters at a time, and receive contribution from each of them.

He grows as fat in his post as a conniving excise-man ; and receives more offerings, than a fat benefice brings in tythes. Capons, pigs, and geese are always at his service ; not a bush he meets with, but has a hare at his command, and a bottle of wine to make it savory, if he'll do the master of the tipling school the favour of eating up his victuals.

Thus he has the good fortune to be courted by all parties ; for the officers of his own regiment expect to make a lodgment in rich houses, by his friendly notice and assistance ; and the poor country ale-houses, and taverns hope to be rid of their landlords in red, by means of his favour and good offices.

If a landlord, or his good lady ride resty, and refuse his worship the liberty of bearing their servant-men, and lying with the women, he grows as surly as a broken colonel, wheels to the left about, and strait sends a couple of files of musketeers in his room ; one part of which breaks the host's head, and the other singes the hostess's tail.

Thus, he lives at discretion, with his roysters ready cut and dry'd against all emergencies ; tho'

a man would be apt to believe he has not much of that quality, who spends his life in drinking, and whoring.

Of the CHAPLAIN of a Regiment.

FROM turning up the earth, of which he was made, he now ploughs the field of Theolgy, more by accident than inclination. His father was in doubt, whether to make him a farmer, or a priest; but at last divinity carry'd it; and so he is a parson in spite of dulness, profaneness, and irreligion.

He had so great a respect, when a boy, for his father's pigs and cattle, that, by his good will, he would never have been out of their company. He often play'd the truant for the sake of those his pretty play-fellows; and his master had no other way to bring him to encounter with Priscian, but by coaxing him with cakes and ale; and to say the truth, he is still of the same humour; for he can hardly be brought now to preach any thing to the purpose, but over his bottle.

He had some squeamish notions of piety instill'd into him by his mother; but thanks to his good stars, and his university-education, he has shook them off long ago; and now he believes himself as fine a gentleman, as wenching, and a little touch of atheism can make him.

But whatever inclination he has to be wicked, a storm, or a battle, gives him such a qualm of conscience, that he shakes as much as any Quaker in Great Britain: But he's soon out of his apprehensions, and in his old pickle of profaneness; for no sooner is the storm over, or the regiment

giment marching into winter-quarters, but off goes the glass, and up go madam's fine petticoats; 'tis handle your arms, and to the left about as you were.

When he's abroad in Popish countries, he never contradicts those of another religion, not out of apostacy to his own, but out of pure good breeding; and he had much rather his belief should suffer in the opinion of the company, than spoil good conversation, by defending it, and let the glass escape him, whilst he is arguing his metaphysical notions.

He has so much tenderness for his flock, that he can bear with no divisions in the regiment, especially between the officers and their wives: In such cases, he generally applies himself to the weaker vessel, as more easy to be wrought on; and the good man, for the most part, is so successful in his endeavours, that he quickly stops up all gaps of discontent.

By the various colours of his cloaths, you'd sooner imagine him a son of Joseph, than of Levi. He's equipp'd A-la-Cavalier, more like a soldier, than a priest; his long wig, his sword, and his speck'd neckcloth, shew the temper of this boot-ed apostle, who would be as much ashamed to wear his Prunella-Gown amongst his scarlet parishioners, as a Non-Conformist would a Surplice.

The regiment would be reasonable good Christians, were it not for the ill precedent he shews them: His works call his words in question; and his six days practice is a reproach to his Sunday's example.

He preaches against drunkenness over a bottle of punch, till he grows full of the argument; and casting up his accounts, sufficiently convinces
people

people of the ugliness of that sin, by the precedent he lays before them.

He would be no priest without a mixture of cunning; so he spreads his canvass, or reefs, according to the nature of the company he is in: Amongst men of learning, he pretends to have an aversion to disputes, and the whimsical niceties of school-men; when amongst soldiers, he tells you, he is a man of letters, yet a jolly companion; with the grave he counterfeits religion; with the surly a moroseness, and indifferently drinks with them all.

He had much rather say grace, than preach a sermon, provided there's a good dinner to recompence his labour; for he'll no more thank God, than the king for nothing; and thinks this a very notable sentence. *Does Job serve God for nought?* though it issu'd from the mouth of the devil.

As vultures always hover over their prey, so, by pure instinct, he smells out a good entertainment; and thinks it a particular blessing, to crave a blessing upon such occasions.

He's never so stiff, but he can face preferment; nor so supple, but he can stand to his text, when his interest obliges him to put on a magisterial gravity; for this reason, he consults the temper of his colonel, and is either high or low church, according to the inclination of his superior; and, Camelion-like, changes his colour, according to the respective bush he sits on.

He knows, upon occasion, how to mollify matters. A little touch of wenching in a Catholick country, he calls propagating the seed of the church; and then for a debauch, or so, he tells you it is necessary sometimes; it gives Nature a
fer-

ferment, and clears all the avenues of our little world, much better than forty purges of the doctor's phyfick.

If the colonel's time lies upon his hands of a Sunday, he knows how to divert himself with a game at cribbage, or back-gammon; and his honour may safely trust him with the secret, which would certainly be discover'd by a lay-brother.

He's so good a scholar, that he never troubles himself with a book, be it the Bible, or a profane author; but is the very reverse of the Catholick clergy, permitting his flock to read their duty in their mother-tongue; and this out of pure laziness: For the text can instruct them much better than he, and the perusal of it by the vulgar saves him a great deal of trouble.

But yet he takes care to shew he's a man of letters upon certain occasions, and for that purpose, uses a sort of a Linsey-Wolfey dialect, half Greek, half Latin; and sometimes a dash of English and Walloons, especially if the surgeon is in company, being sensible that patcher-up of carcasses knows no more of languages, than his probe, or his plaister-box.

He is far from being a scandal to his profession: He may drink, and wench to the end of the chapter, yet may plead with the missionary Jesuits in China, that he permits himself those liberties with a design to render his person acceptable to the people; for should he turn as severe as a recluse, and forbid himself and his purple flock a little refreshment that way, they'd no more endure him, than the Chinese would a Franciscan, who rail'd against the precepts of Confucius.

G

He

He seldom swears, but when he's full of Brandy-Wine, or good Burgundy; and then the flesh yields to the spirit: And he carries himself in such a manner, as you'd imagine him, by dress and behaviour, rather an Irish grenadier or dragoon, than the soldier of a crucify'd Master.

Thus charm'd with the pleasures of a bottle, and a pretty wench at the futler's, he blesses his good fortune, nor envies a country-vicar, tho' a pretty lass presents him with a greater rarity, than pig, goose, or capon, and many a good wife receives his bodily solace. 'Tis true, he's forc'd to pay for his wine and his mistress, but he's too generous to grudge at it, and scorns, like your whining non-conformable elder, at one time to rifle a lady's placket, and search her pockets into the bargain.

Of the SURGEON.

HE was once as civil a fellow as ever handled a wash-ball and a razor; as appear'd by the contents of a little board before his window, *Shave for a penny, bleed for four pence*: But his breaking in that employment has broke him of his humility, and by the assistance of a few pieces, he now bleeds the regiment both in their persons, and their purses.

He has the reputation of a learned man, and deserves it very well, having study'd in the same university as Dr. Case and Dr. Stringer did. Then for secrets in medicine, he out-does Dr. Faustus himself, who was not only a Physician, but a Conjuror.

Yet, with all his judgment, he is not so ill-natur'd,

natur'd, but he'll allow this nation produces very able Surgeons; and you can hardly name a man belonging to the three kingdoms, but he'll own him to be the second best artist in the army of Great Britain.

He knows how to cause rest better than Dr. B——n himself did; before he went into the land of forgetfulness: Nor can the prescription of Gibbons, or Ratcliff, come near him that way; and could you but persuade him to write a tome of his cures, that would be another of the best opiates in Christendom.

He never ventures into an engagement, that is not his business; he understands the world much better; but if any of the French happen to be wounded, and so fall under his hand, he knows how to be serviceable to the government; and I'll venture a wager, he kills more of our enemies in the hospital, than the best regiment of the army can do in the field.

He holds infallibility in his medicines, tho' he hates it in the Pope; he'll tell you, that Galen was no more than an old herbalist, and was fit for nothing but to keep a shop in Stock's-Market; but for himself he assures you, he has a sympathetick Powder, which will cure wounds at a hundred miles distance, better than the prescriptions of Achilles.

Whenever he's in his cups, you may be sure to hear a little Atheism, or so forth; not that he is more an Atheist than the chaplain of the regiment; but he thinks such pretty discourses make the world believe him as able a Physician, as his betters; who, in all their words and actions, have a relish of that philosophical gallantry.

His apartments, if he has conveniency, are

grac'd with little skeletons of the dead, to inform you, if you're wise enough to take the hint, what we must all come to; if 'tis our fortune to fall into his hands. He resembles the tax upon burials, the commissioners of which, would not permit a poor fellow to die, and go God knows whether, without being paid for it; and of all his alligators and crocodiles you see in his infirmary, you may depend upon it, he bites the sharpest.

He has heard of *Religio Medici*, and bears a vast aversion to the memory of the author; for he's of opinion, that a conscientious physician spoils the trade, by omitting to take his fees; *And then, says he, I'll warrant he was no artist, by having so much to do with religion.*

He has a bargaining skull always lies upon the table, as the surgeons of London have a bargaining-plaister; the sight of which brings him in more, than the tombs of Westminster do to those who have the shewing them. If he meets with a sort of ~~hide~~-bound fellow, *There, says he, my master, on the table is the skull of just such an obstinate person as yourself: Pray look upon it; view but the Foramens through the Sinciput. This man, you must know, offer'd me forty shillings, as you may do; I told him I could not take it; he went away, thinking I impos'd upon him, goes to a scoundrel pretender, who very fairly kill'd him in a month's time; and there's his skull, which I purchas'd of the sexton.* His medicines multiply diseases, as much as a petty-fogger does causes; yet, what he wants in art, he makes up in tenderness and good nature; for he nurses a new-born Gonorrhœa, into a *virulent Clap*; a Clap into a Pox; and afterwards fixes, and confirms it.

He

He is so impartial in the administration of his office, that he deals as well by a soldier, as an officer; and, to speak the truth, rather better; for he leaves the poor fellow to Nature, which either quickly kills, or cures him; but your gentleman fares much worse, for the doctor plagues him with Bolusses and Cordials, till he has made the Purse as lean as the Patient.

He has seen so much of the world, that he's no more afraid of being reduc'd to his former circumstances, than of being shot for a deserter. Tho' a peace should be concluded, still he has a reserve to support his spirits, and keep up the burlesque of his carcass; for when that happens, you'll find him about Moor-fields, or White-Cross-Street, at the sign of the Hand and Urinal, where he cures all Curable Diseases, and resolves all Lawful Questions, knows the use of the Green, and Golden Dragon; and has a quantity by him of Female Fern-Seed.

Of a SERJEANT.

A Serjeant is a Jack-call to his Captain, the Lyon; yet tho' he hunts the prey, he seldom tastes of the quarry; and all the reward he gets by enviegling a poor fellow to list himself, and run the hazard of his carcass, is, perchance, no more than a George, and his share of half a dozen quarterns of brandy.

You can't call him a pick-pocket, tho' he's none of the honestest fellows in the world; for he's more apt to give, than to take: And if a sot happens to get drunk with him over night, 'tis odds

but the fool meets with a shilling in his pocket next morning.

But then the after-reckoning is the devil and all, for your kidnapper of coxcombs swears he took the king's money; away the fool is carry'd before a vestry, from thence to the Savoy, and from thence the Lord knows whither.

But, for all his tricks; he has some good qualities, for he takes care to regulate the company, and makes their ways streight. Then for a paymaster, he thinks he's a better than the king himself (God bless him) for he pays but once a month, and he clears the company twice a week.

He can draw in a poor tradesman to carry a brown musket, as cleverly as a bawd can entice a young damsel to carry his commanding officer: But there's a vast difference in the consequence, the bawd takes care that the girl's belly shall be full, and the Serjeant brings it about, that the poor fellow's shall be empty.

He's as good a cook as Ned Locket, but much cheaper: He can make you an Olio as readily as a French-man can fricasee a dish of frogs. No sooner is the tin kettle on, but each man brings in his contribution: And what's best of all, the feast is prepar'd without even going to market.

His stars design'd him for a blade of the night, and prepar'd him quarters near Knight's-Bridge or Paddington; but another aspect interveen'd, or his planet shifted stations, and from doing mischief at home, he very luckily is sent to plunder the enemy in Flanders.

Let peace come when it will, it never troubles his conscience, no more than the thoughts of a battle. The last of these, like troubled waters, he knows how to fish in; and what with his stock
of

of skill in the Mathematicks, and some other good qualities, he's sure of living as well as his neighbours.

Of a GRENADIER.

HE's a bold fellow, and generally of more use and value to the nation, than all the painted butterflies that wing the air near the palaces of White-hall, and St. James's.

He has no more religion, than he has money, and yet he makes a shift to fight desperately without the one, and to eat heartily without the other.

He commands wherever he comes, with as magisterial an air as the Grand Seignior; and tho', as I said before, he's a poor dog, yet he always finds provision, or makes others find it for him. And that rashness of his, which attends all his actions, does him the greatest service; it making other persons careful of their lives, since he is so negligent of his own.

Tho' unpolish'd as a bear, yet he has more honour than your courtier, your lawyer, or your agent, for he cuts no body's throat with a feather; gives quarter to a brave enemy, and would no more kill any man in cold blood, than an informing constable, or a pettifogging lawyer would in hot.

He has seen so many storms at land, that he no more apprehends one, than a sailor does a tempest at sea; and this is a certain rule with him, to be most wicked when he has most occasion to be godly.

But as he can neither write or read, he thinks, if he acts contrary to his duty, his relations must answer for it, having never taught him the Criss-
Cross-

Cross-Row; so he thinks no more of the matter, tosses up a dram of the bottle, shoulders his fuzee, and away he marches unconcern'd to the trenches.

The inventions of men to destroy one another, and all the fires of the elements, can't make him tremble: And if the world was to be unhing'd, and fall to pieces, the ruins of it might crush, but not terrify him.

But tho' he is obstinately brave, he's content with a little: Give him the worst of spirits, or Geneva, and he thinks himself as great as an emperor. Arm'd with this, he dares the power of France, and would attack the devil, tho' he was intrench'd at Lisle, under the command of any of their best marshals.

Of a PRIVATE CENTINEL.

GIVE a Soldier victuals and drink enough, and you need never fear his fighting; but 'tis the humour of an Englishman, he loves to die with money in his pockets, and meat in his belly.

He was once an honest tradesman, and work'd hard for his living; but lifting his hand to his head too often, he became poor; and the overseers of the parish most prudently caus'd him to be press'd for a Soldier.

Weary'd with his woes and misfortunes, the ill usage he had in the Savoy, and the ingratitude of his dear spouse, he grows desperate, and fighting in a passion, he kills the French to revenge the injuries he receiv'd from the English.

If he's sharp, he's constantly detach'd upon moroding by his own consent, much oftner than he is upon duty by the serjeant; and let him be-
have

have himself how he will in battle, he's always a desperate foe to pigs, lambs, and poultry, to whom he was never known to give any quarter.

If Fortune blesses him, by some accident, or other, with a few Patticoons, streight he falls to gaming, and throws that off in a minute, which the poor fellow from whom he took it, perchance, was some months getting; and what he gain'd by hazard, he loses at passage.

He thinks no more of his native country, than that does of him; and, with a stupid insensibility, resigns himself to whatever happens, firmly believing his condition can't be well worse than it is, either here, or hereafter.

If he ever thinks at all, (and truly that's a question) 'tis of being a captain; and then he pleases himself with the fancy of how he'll maul the men, and the women.

If he survives the war, and returns to England, he is generally too lazy to work; and scorns from a gentleman Soldier to turn mechanick: So he falls in love, not with his neighbour's wife, but his money, and borrows a little of it without bond, or security, for which he ascends a worse machine than a wooden horse; but he grows better towards his latter end, and tho' he has been no very good liver, yet he concludes his life with a psalm.

Of a PROVOST.

THE Provost is a greater villain than ever was born in Ireland, or nurs'd in Newgate; and commits more murders than a brib'd jury, or an ignorant physician.

It

It seems a little odd, that a gang of thieves should be judge and jury both, to the poor soldiers; and that these miserable wretches should yet suffer by hands infinitely more wicked than their own.

He has neither humanity, good nature, or compassion; and when he descends into the realms of perdition, he will there never meet with so cruel a devil as himself.

Nero wish'd, that all the Romans had but one head, that he might have chop'd it off; and this villain wishes the army had but one neck, that he might hang every mother's child of our forces at once.

He's more pleas'd with executions than a common hang-man, and gets much more by them than the finisher of the law does in London, tho' he's a squire by his place; and he's so covetous a rogue of money, that he would not stick to hang his father, or his general, so he might get five pounds for his coat.

He's not fit for the conversation of men, and is rather too cruel even for the society of devils; to whose company, notwithstanding our notion of free-will, he is predestin'd.

F I N I S.

WILLIAM COKE,

At his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, Entry to Bernard's Street on the Shore of Leith, sells the following articles upon the most reasonable terms :

Books in history, philosophy, divinity, morality, poetry, and physic ; writing papers of various kinds, gilt and mourning papers, message-cards gilt and plain, Baskervill's message-cards very pretty ; superfine sealing wax, fine soft Dutch wax, of many colours, wax for clock-makers ; wafers red and black, white and fine vermilion ditto ; fine Irish wafers of eight different colours ; best black and red ink, shining ink for records, cake ink and ink-powder, China ink for shading or drawing of plans ; the very best Dutch quills, English and Scots ditto, swan, eagle, and crow quills, made pens, letter-cases, ditto with instruments ; ivory and afs-skin ditto, slate paper for pocket books, or in whole sheets, at 1s. ; pocket books for customhouses officers ; parchment pocket-books, penknives by the best makers in England and Scotland ; ivory, bone, and wooden folders, lead and killavin pencils, best German black and red lead pencils, Lignum vitæ rulers, shining sand, leather and paper ink-pieces, pewter ink stands, mahogany and wainscot ditto, glass ink-bottles, ditto with brass tops, gaugers ink pots ; large and small phials, chrystal ink-bottles of a new construction ; sand-boxes of ivory, bone, Lignum vitæ and common wood ; accounting slates large and small, slate pens ; paper-books for navigation ; sea journals, log, book keeping, and account-books, both plain and ruled, of various bindings ; memorandum books, very convenient for the pocket ; a complete assortment of the best authors upon navigation ; new epitome, more useful for learners than any heretofore published ; a very correct copy of the Seaman's Assistant, with Merator's Chart ; the Seaman's Guide, much improved, these three last correct-
ed

()

ed by D. Stewart, teacher of navigation, mathematicks, astronomy and book keeping in Leith; waggoners, charts, two-foot Gunter's scales, sliding Gunter's, brass compasses single and in sets; mathematical instruments from fourteen shillings to three pounds per case; school-books of all kinds, both in Latin and English; psalm-books of various sizes; a good allowance is made to teachers and merchants who take quantities of these two last; bills of lading stamp and plain, stamp paper, Seaman's wills and powers; Juniper's essence of peppermint, Penny Royal, Lavender, British oil, Turlington's drops, Freebairn's antiscorbutic drops, tooth-ach drops, Vandour's nervous pills, Dr Anderson's pills, issue plaisters, peas for issues made of the Cariso apple, corn plaister, an excellent salve for curing sore eyes, famous teeth powder, extremely useful to preserve the teeth and gums, brushes for cleansing the teeth, India rubber, or elastic bottle, very useful in drawings of all kinds, also for cleansing ladies white leather gloves or shoes; musick books, ruled paper for musick in single sheets, a variety of single songs, maps and plans pasted on canvas, with or without rollers, at a moderate price; a fine assortment of copy books, Balthasar Knigh's famous sand glasses for boiling eggs, likewise for heaving the log for a quarter, half or full minute; fine shining blacking ball and shining liquid for boots and shoes; lady's court-plaister, wash-balls of different colours finely perfumed, pomatum, gambouge and a good assortment of water colours in shells, camel-hair pencils, with small prints for children; plain and coloured black lines for writing by; fiddle-strings just imported, briggs and pins for fiddles.

☞ Likewise binds Books in the neatest manner, either gilt or plain.

* * Country dealers may be supplied on very moderate terms, with writing paper, quills, ink, and many other Stationary articles.—All the English as well as Scots magazines may be had at said Shop, immediately on their being published.



